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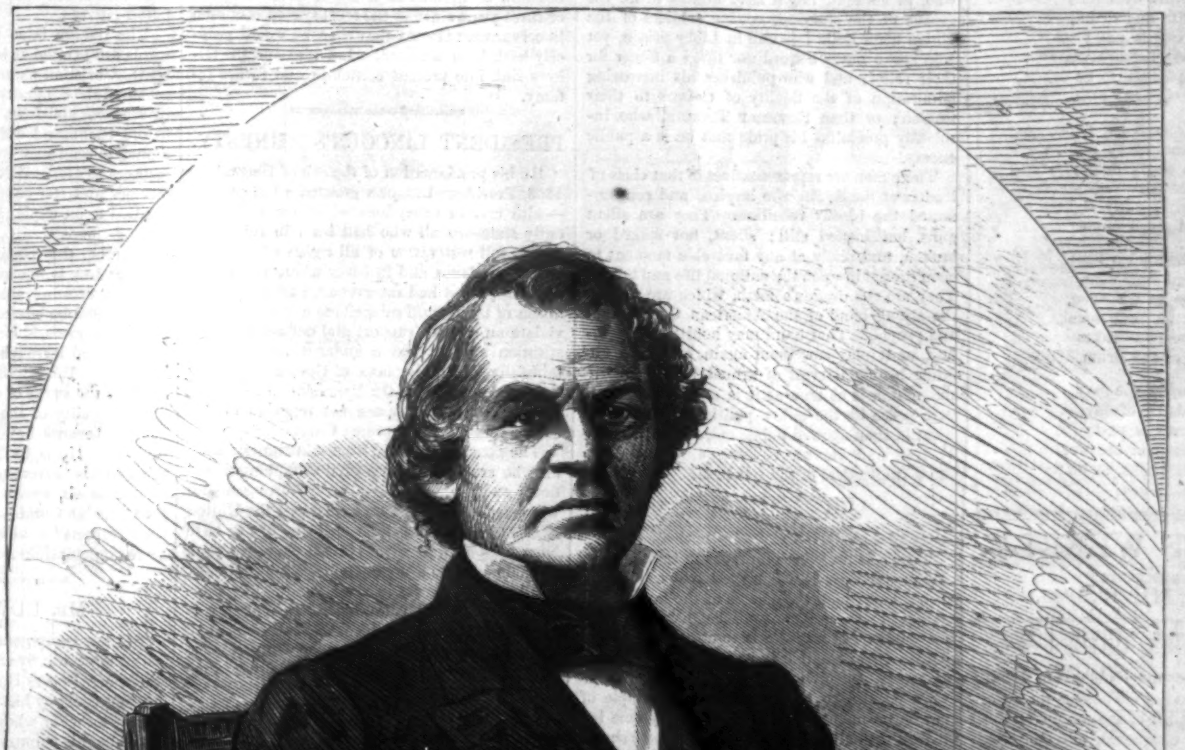
PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON.

ANDREW JOHNSON, the seventeenth President of the United States, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. His father died while he was yet scarcely advanced beyond infancy, and the family was thus left in extreme poverty. At ten years of age ANDREW was apprenticed to a tailor. Here a casual circumstance gave direction to his whole after-life. Among his master's customers was an eccentric gentleman who habitually visited the shop and read aloud from books or newspapers to the journeymen. The boy soon learned to read from this gentleman, and after the long day's work was over he regularly devoted two or three hours to study. Upon the expiration of his term of apprenticeship he was seventeen. He then left Raleigh, and pursued his trade for two years at Laurens Court House, South Carolina. Thence he returned to Raleigh, and very soon after moved westward with his mother to Tennessee, and at Greenville again appears as a tailor. Here he married, and his choice of a partner proved exceedingly fortunate for his future prospects. He knew now how to read. But his wife taught him writing and arithmetic.

It was in 1829. that Mr. JOHNSON held his first office—that of Alderman. He was elected Mayor in 1830, and served in that capacity three years. In 1835 he was sent to the State Legislature. His politics were those of the party then known as Democratic. His first speech was against a measure for internal improvement. In 1841 he was elected to the State Senate, and two years afterward representative in Congress. In regard to the admission of Texas into the Union, the Mexican war, the Tariff of 1846, and the Homestead Bill, Mr. JOHNSON took very strong Democratic ground. In 1851 he was chosen Governor of Tennessee, to which office he was re-elected in 1855. In 1857 he was elected to the United States Senate for the full term, which ended in 1863.



ANDREW JOHNSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON, D.C.]

Mr. JOHNSON'S record during the revolutionary period out of which we are now passing at first may be said to have fluctuated in certain respects, but it was never for a moment doubtful as to the necessity of the Union. In a speech of his delivered December 19, 1860, while he was defiant against the threat of Southern States to force the Border States into the Confederacy, he also gave some ambiguous utterances as to the insult which would be offered to any State by the threat of coercion from the North. But in that speech his argument against secession was very strong as affecting Southern interests. He predicted that disunion must destroy slavery; that a hostile or even alien government upon the border of the slaveholding States would be the natural haven of rest to the hunted slave. He said that if one division was allowed others would follow; "and," said he, "rather than see this Union divided into thirty-three petty governments, with a little prince in one, a potentate in another, a little aristocracy in a third, a little democracy in a fourth, and a republic somewhere else—a citizen not being permitted to pass from one State to another without a passport or a commission from his government—with quarreling and warring among the petty powers, which would result in anarchy—I would rather see this government to-day—I proclaim it here in my place—converted into a consolidated government."

In a speech made March 2, 1861, he said: "Show me those who make war on the Government and fire on its vessels, and I will show you a traitor. If I were President of the United States I would have all such arrested, and, if convicted, by the Eternal God I would have them hung!"

On the 4th of March, 1862, after the capture of Nashville by the National forces, Mr. JOHNSON was appointed by the President Military Governor of Tennessee, with the rank of Brigadier-General. The acceptance of this position necessitated, of course, the resignation of his situation in the Senate. As Military Governor Mr. JOHNSON was both just and firm. If he exacted a very rigorous test-oath from the disloyal, it was because he was convinced that, in justice, all government must be in the interest of loyal men. If he exacted from rich secessionists large sums of money for the support of the poor citizens who had been impoverished by the rebellion, it was because those men were responsible for the poverty which was thus alleviated.

As to Mr. JOHNSON'S future policy, his explicit statements leave us no room for doubt. Against responsible, conscious traitors the law must take its course as against other criminals. They must not only be punished, but impoverished. The problem of restoration is one for loyal men to solve. Except in the abolition of slavery, the States are to retain the character which belonged to them before the war. We are pledged, according to the requirements of the Constitution, to secure to these States a republican form of government. In reply to the question, What constitutes a State? Mr. JOHNSON answers, "Its loyal citizens." It is into the hands of these that the work of reconstruction will be committed.

Mr. JOHNSON comes into power through a most melancholy occurrence, but he has entered upon the duties of his office with a dignity and firmness that elicits at the same time the confidence of the American people. May God spare his life and guide his steps!

There are points in the policy of reconstruction that have hitherto been little discussed, but which must very soon assume important phases. The emancipation of four millions of slaves, it is thought, will but partially effect the work of political regeneration in the South. If the reports which reach us have any truth, it is certain that there is a large class in the South whose prejudice against the sentiments held at the North is as strong as ever before. There are men and women there who will teach their children to hate the name of Northern men. There are politicians of this class who will strive again for power, which they will wield as unscrupulously as they have ever done. A barrier against the possibility of such an exercise of power must be set at the very first, or we shall have no tranquil peace for many years. The only remedy is to not simply free but also to enfranchise the negroes. Give the negroes a vote and they will most certainly be courted by both parties at the South. It may be objected that they will thus become merely the tools of politicians. But it must be remembered that freedom will excite new activities in these black men. They will have leaders of their own; they will have sentiments of their own; and the policy which they will most naturally adopt will be that which will bring them into alliance with the poor loyal whites of the South. Besides, their memories of the past oppression of which they have been the victims, their memory of the part which colored soldiers have played in the war for the Union—all these will bind them to a purely Democratic policy.

MARCHING HOME.

"The orders for the return of our troops have already gone forth and the columns are beginning to move."

We are marching home at last,
Now the cruel war is past,
And the time of peace draws near;
We are marching home at last,
Now the cruel war is past,
To the homes our hearts hold dear.

With our banners stained and torn,
That through many a fight were borne
Where death rained thick and fast,
Now our glorious work is done,
Now the Union cause is won,
We are marching home at last.

Marching home to those we love;
See the veteran columns move,
Hear the drums and shrill fifes play,
Hear our voices raised in song
As we proudly march along
On our homeward way!

With our trusty arms we come,
To the sound of fife and drum,
Now the cruel war is past;
Light of heart and glad are we,
Having served the cause, to be
Marching home at last.

All day long we march till night,
Then beside the camp-fire's light,
Underneath the starry dome,
It is sweet to close our eyes,
While the night-wind softly sighs,
On our march toward home;

And in sleep to dream we hear
Friendly voices sounding near,
Bidding welcome as we come,
Till at length the morning breaks,
And the happy dreamer wakes
To the beating of the drum.

Then once more upon the way,
March we on at dawn of day,
Now the cruel war is past;
Light at heart and glad are we,
Having proved the Right, to be
Marching home at last.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 13, 1865.

THE REBEL CHIEFS.

The country is very much obliged to Robert E. Lee and Beverly Tucker for an exhibition of the real spirit of the conquered rebel leaders. They are conquered, not converted. Robert E. Lee is to-day as utter a rebel as he was on the day when he deliberately resolved to betray the country which had educated him and to fire upon the flag which he had engaged in honor to defend.

Three days after Lee had surrendered the forces which he commanded, while he was still a paroled prisoner, he issued an order to the soldiers of his dispersing army, in which he reminds them that they will take with them "the satisfaction that proceeds from the consequences of a duty faithfully performed." The duty of which he speaks is armed resistance to the constitutional government of his country. Its faithful performance is the slaughter upon many fields of men spotlessly true to their own government. Lee proceeds to say that he bids his troops farewell "with an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country." What country? The country of which Davis and Benjamin and Slidell and Mason have spoken for the last four years—a certain section of the United States of America called "the South," or "the Confederacy." That is "the country" to which they have been faithful; and for that fidelity, which, if successful, would have destroyed this nation, Robert E. Lee declares that he has an increasing admiration.

Mr. Beverly Tucker belongs to the third class of rebel chiefs. The first comprises those who fought and at least risked their lives in the field for what they professed to believe. The second consists of those who, like Slidell, slipped off to Europe when the fighting began, and believing that naught is every thing and every thing is naught, have been placidly enjoying the money they had made by the trade of politics, while they laughed in their sleeves at the more earnest conspirators whom they had outwitted. The third and infinitely the most contemptible class is composed of those who sneaked into Canada too far to be reached by the military conscriptions of the rebel despotism at Richmond, but near enough to the loyal part of the country to plot thefts, raids, railway slaughters, the burning alive of innocent women and children in theatres and hotels, and to instigate assassination. These three classes were made up of men who had lived by the government which they tried to overthrow, and which they had taken solemn oaths to respect and maintain; and to the third class, as we said, Mr. Beverly Tucker belongs.

This man has written a letter, since the surrender of Lee, professing horror that he, a supporter of the rebellion which hunted, hung, starved, and froze thousands of helpless Union men and prisoners, should be suspected of any complicity in the murder of one man. In the same letter Tucker declares himself a public enemy of the United States, and adds, that before the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, he had asked permission to go to Richmond and assist in the reconstruction of a government to the supreme authority of which he has always been and always shall be opposed.

Such are the vanquished rebel leaders as they describe themselves. The country needs no other proof of their spirit, and no more startling warning of the peril of allowing them the least voice in the political settlement of the nation. There is not one of Lee's former slaves, the men whom he and his fellow-conspirators, like Beverly Tucker, have outraged and despised—the men who have been as unswervingly true to their country as Lee and Tucker have been basely false—who is not at this moment a worthier citizen of the United States and fitter to be intrusted with a vote than Robert E. Lee, who, in his tent, might have almost heard the groans of the starving, rotting soldiers of the Union upon Belle Isle and in Libby prison, yet who spoke never a word nor lifted a finger for their relief; and who publishes his increasing admiration of the fidelity of traitors to their treason; or than Beverly Tucker, who insolently proclaims his pride that he is a public enemy.

These men are representatives of that class of leaders at the South who inspired and consummated the bloody rebellion. They are silent guns, but loaded still; silent, not spiked or broken, and ready at any favorable moment to open fire again upon the national life and honor. They are the dragon's teeth, which are now in the strong hand of the American Government and people. That hand may hold them harmless, or it may sow them again, and reap another bloody harvest of armed men. But if the nation is as true as it is strong, it will secure peace by the entire political disfranchisement of such avowed public enemies as Robert E. Lee and Beverly Tucker, with all the other ringleaders of the rebellion.

MOBS.

There is no excuse for mobs in this country. Actions and words which the law does not condemn, and which the officers of the law are not obliged to regard, can well be disregarded by the public. If a crowd is to create crimes and punish them summarily at its pleasure, we are at the end of civil society. Had we been always faithful to the fundamental principle of our Government, which allows the supreme law to deal with all offenses and offenders, we should hardly have come to civil war.

But for many and many a year we have suffered the mob in the slave States to overbear the guarantees of the Constitution. Freedom of speech is the fundamental condition of popular government, and is expressly secured to every citizen of the United States; but the mob has destroyed it at the South and tried to destroy it at the North, and the fatal blow which the toleration of the mob struck at the country we have failed to perceive. So permanent was mob rule in the slave States, that we had really come to believe not only that a man denounced slavery there at the peril of his life, but we seemed to suppose that there was nothing to be done. Yet every man whom the Southern mob or the Northern mob hunted and burned or hanged for expressing his opinion of slavery was a martyr to the country; and a thoughtful man might have seen that in time of peace the free discussion of every question must be protected every where or war would inevitably follow.

Curses like chickens come home to roost. The men who have supported slavery and accused its discussion as an attack upon the rights of slaveholders—with as much reason as they might stigmatize the discussion of free trade as an attack upon the rights of manufacturers—the men who have incited and excused the mobs against anti-slavery discussions at the North, are now occasionally reaping what they have sown. But the danger is the same. The mob of Boston which would have hung Mr. Garrison, thirty years ago, for denouncing slavery, and the Philadelphia mob which assaulted a man named Ingersoll for sympathizing with the most infamous traitors, are equally guilty. If Mr. Garrison had not offended the law, he had the right to go untouched. If Ingersoll, whose offense was known, was not arrested by the authorities, no man had a right to molest him.

That a man's opinions are an outrage to the public sentiment is not a crime to be punished until the law ordains it; and when it does ordain it, the authorized agents of the law must execute its will. That a man hopes for the ruin of his country, that he is a foul-mouthed traducer of good men and a base calumniator of the acts and motives of the Government, is reason enough in a time of war for his arrest and imprisonment by the Government, if, in its opinion, he is dangerous to public safety; and reason enough at all times for honest men to shun him. The common sense of the country fully justified the arrest of Vallandigham by the Government. But if the authorities had suffered him to be at large that should have been the end of any forcible action.

This Ingersoll is doubtless utterly despicable. But it will not do to allow ten or ten hundred men to beat or assault any person whom they do not like. If he has committed an offense, let him be accused before a magistrate. He was committed for carrying concealed weapons. That was an offense for which he may properly be punished. But the crowd had no right to beat him with a cane for carrying concealed weapons. The duty of the captain who accosted him was to complain to the magistrate, not to cane the culprit. If the report be correct that the captain struck the first blow, it was the duty of the police to arrest the captain for an assault as well as Ingersoll for carrying weapons.

There is safety in no other course than in leaving the law to deal with offenders against its authority. But the offenses which are not legal crimes must be punished by public contempt, not by actual force. The country can not now be harmed as it might have been two or three years since by the rebel speeches of men like Ingersoll. At that time he would properly have been arrested. Let him and his fellows sink into present contempt and future infamy.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S AMNESTY.

By his proclamation of the 8th of December, 1863, President Lincoln granted a full pardon—with certain exceptions which we will presently state—to all who had been in rebellion, with a full restoration of all rights of property except in slaves and in cases where the rights of third parties had intervened, and upon condition of taking and subscribing and keeping inviolate an oath to support and defend the Constitution and the Union under it, and to abide faithfully by all the laws of Congress, and by the proclamations of the President in regard to slaves, so far as they are not repealed or declared void by the Supreme Court.

The persons excepted from this amnesty were all who are or have been civil or diplomatic officers and agents of the rebel Government—all who have left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion—all who are or have been military and naval officers above the rank of colonel in the army or lieutenant in the navy—all who left seats in the United States Congress, or resigned commissions in its army or navy, and afterward aided the rebellion—and all who have treated colored or white soldiers and sailors of the United States otherwise than as prisoners of war.

On the 26th of March, 1864, President Lincoln by proclamation defined that the amnesty was limited to those who were not prisoners of war, but who, being free from any arrest, voluntarily took the oath.

On the 6th of December, 1864, in his last annual Message to Congress, the President said that when he issued the amnesty he stated that the excepted classes might still be within special clemency. "During the year," he continued, "many availed themselves of the general provision, and many more would, only that the signs of bad faith in some" led to precautions. Special pardons had also been granted to persons of the excepted classes. "The door has been for a full year open to all." But he adds, "The time may come, probably will come, when public duty shall demand that it be closed, and that, in lieu, more rigorous measures than heretofore shall be adopted."

Such measures were not suggested by President Lincoln, nor have they been adopted. The amnesty remains in full force until it is modified by President Johnson. It excludes the class of conspirators known as leaders. It includes the rank and file, the real people of the rebel section.

EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT.

If the statement of a letter in the Worcester *Spy* be correct, the officers and managers of the United States Christian Commission owe a public apology to the American people for the conduct of a body of their agents. The letter of which we speak asserts that "a detachment of the United States Christian Commission consisting of seven" called to pay their "respects" to General Robert E. Lee. It was unfortunate for these gentlemen that "President" Jefferson Davis, and "Secretary" Benjamin, and "Senator" Wigfall had left Richmond. Had they remained, this detachment of seven might have completed their homage to abortive and bloody treason by "paying their respects" to the other chief traitors—or as the New York *Tribune* politely calls the rebel agents in Canada, these "distinguished Americans to the other party in our civil war."

The loyal fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, husbands, and sons in this country have generously contributed thousands and thousands of dollars to the United States Christian Commission for the purpose of binding the wounds, soothing the agony, and smoothing the dying pillows of brave and innocent men done to death by the command of Robert E. Lee. These contributors have hoped also that they might assuage some of the inconceivable suffering of the poor victims of Andersonville and Belle Isle. The faithful hand and heart of the country have been opened at the entreaty of the Christian Commission; yet, if this story be true, some of the agents of this great beneficence have been eager to lick the boots of the man who caused so much of the sorrow which the charity was intended to relieve.

If these agents were so anxious to pay their respects to somebody at the South there were men enough there who might have moved their very hearts' homage, and whom it was a crime to forget. The Union men who have not faltered in their love and loyalty to the flag which Lee betrayed and sought to dishonor; the slaves whose souls are white with fidelity to the country which had forgotten them; the brave hearts which have suffered and waited and prayed and believed, through all the malice of Davis and amidst the fiery lines of Lee—surely these were the men and women who should have received from the agents of the Christian Commission that respect which they so publicly offered to a man who is red with the innocent blood of his fellow-citizens.

The offense is so flagrant that before these words are printed it is very probable the United States Christian Commission will have officially censured the conduct of its agents. The farmer in Vermont and Iowa who has lost his brave boy before Richmond did not give his hard-earned money to send men into that city to "pay their respects to General Robert E. Lee;" and the farmers and the contributors every where are entitled to an explanation of this extraordinary act.

Whether they receive it or not, let us remember that Lee is not magnanimous, or Christian, or great, or admirable, because he fought in a cause which he confesses was not justified in appealing to arms. He is not a hero because he staid behind intrenchments until Grant forced him out. He is not a gentleman because he lived by the sweat of other men's brows. He is not less guilty of the highest crime against his country because he excuses himself as all traitors do. He is by his own words as much a rebel to his Government and to humanity now as he was six weeks ago, and if the agents of the Christian Commission would not have "paid their respects" to him then, their homage is still more contemptible now.

Mr. EDWIN BOOTH.

Surely every generous heart will sympathize with the peculiarly crushing blow which has befallen Mr. Edwin Booth. A gentleman whose retiring courtesy has universally commanded respect—an actor whose genius and success have delighted his country—a citizen whose sole vote was cast for Abraham Lincoln—a man whose character has made hosts of friends—it is a cruel fate which identifies his name with the national sorrow. "Don't speak to me of politics," said he several months since to a friend who differed from him, "for we can not agree. Abraham Lincoln will be loved and honored hereafter not less than Washington."

Mr. Booth at once, and naturally, withdrew from his present professional engagements. But he should understand that he is not to be ruined by the crimes of any one who bears his name. The powers which he has always so nobly used are not to be lost to us by any offenses but his own. When the bitterness of the hour has somewhat passed, and the event which now afflicts us can be more calmly contemplated, he will resume his work, we hope, sure of the approval of those whose kind thoughts he most values, and of the public which he charms and instructs. Meanwhile it is our duty to take care that no taint of prejudice attaches to his name.

"THE NORTHERN WHIG."

In quoting an admirable article from the Belfast *Northern Whig*, describing Mr. Lincoln with singular felicity, we ascribed it to Professor Cairnes. But a letter from an Irishman who knows informs us that it is written by Mr. Hill, the editor of the paper. We gladly make the correction, as our correspondent suggests, "for the sake of justice, and to prove, too, that we have other good friends besides those already known on the other side."

Indeed, we have had no clearer eyed or more stalwart champion than Mr. Hill in *The Northern Whig*. Upon the receipt of the news of the fall of Richmond he wrote an admirable article, from which we extract the following striking passages:

> "The public writers and speakers who, during the last three years and a half, have occupied themselves in demonstrating that the North could never conquer the South are now busied with a very different and not altogether consistent problem. They establish, to their own momentary satisfaction, that the South, of whose ultimate 'subjugation' they scarcely venture to hint a doubt, can never be held and administered as part of a free republic. It will be, they urge, the Poland or Hungary—on the continent they are so unkind as to say the Ireland—of America. If the authors of these doleful presages had ever been right in any single point arising out of the rebellion—if they had not blundered from first to last upon the military problem—we should entertain greater confidence than it is possible for us now to feel in their political vaticinations. On every element of the great theme they have gone wildly astray. They understood neither the material strength nor the moral character of the Northern and Southern populations, nor the social organizations which are divided from each other by Mason and Dixon's line. This ignorance—including a total indifference to the facts

of American history and biography—vitiates their political prognostications as completely as it has reversed her military prophecies.

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"A Homestead act for the South would bring to Virginia the prosperity of New York, and enable Florida and Alabama to count wealth and men with Ohio and Illinois. To effect this end there will be no need of confiscation. In the unreclaimed or abandoned soil of the Slave States there are farms for millions of freemen. By small grants of land to the landless whites, who are, or were, the strength of the rebellion and the hope of those who count on future disaffection and troubles, they may probably be converted into peaceful and industrious citizens, thus helping to confirm the new order on the basis of the old one, in the overthrow of which they have been blind instruments.

"The bugbear of a tropical climate needs not weigh much with us in thus forecasting the future. No part of the United States is within the tropics; and Texas, the State which most nearly approaches them, is the seat of German settlers, employed in that form of industry—the cultivation of cotton—in which we are asked to believe that no European can engage and live. In this instance, and in almost every other, the facts which are alleged to disprove the possibility of the reconstruction of the Union on the basis of a homogeneous society, North and South, have no existence out of the imaginations of those whose wishes shape their thoughts."

THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

It is a happy moment in which the doors of the new Academy building are opened. It is a temple of art, and is dedicated in the soft dawn of returning peace. The simple exercises of the opening, the brilliant assembly thronging the beautiful halls, the building and the company together making a fairer and nobler picture than any hung upon the walls—all seemed a festival peculiarly appropriate to the hour. The building is entirely satisfactory. It is spacious, solid, convenient, simple in arrangement, ample in accommodation, and very beautiful and effective. A more striking spectacle than it offered on Thursday evening, April 27, 1865, is seldom seen. The gay and flashing groups ascending and descending the stately staircase, leaning over the railings above it, passing in and out of the lofty halls, made such a scene as Paul Veronese has painted upon many a canvas; while we, more lucky than the spectators of a canvas, could see the movement, and hear the music, and catch the breath of flowers, which in the Venetian pictures are only suggested.

The voice of prayer consecrated the peaceful walls. The guild of artists, who were the hosts of the evening and the priests of the temple, fitly spoke the welcome by the lips of their honored chief, President Huntington. The great multitude of lovers and friends of art responded by the tongue of the venerable master of song, the poet Bryant, and then no more speeches were made—a practice which we hope may be as enduring as the marble walls of the Academy. The occasion will not be forgotten. The opening festival was worthy the place and the purpose; and we heartily congratulate the artists of America that, after long wandering, they now have in the chief city of the country a home for the exhibition of their works which is itself an illustration both of the progress of art and of the general public interest in its cultivation.

The exhibition—the fortieth annual display of the Academy—is very large, but it seems to us not very good. Of course there are many lovely pictures, but there are few that are very memorable. The number of portraits is fortunately not unreasonable, and the landscapes are various and interesting. But we should gladly have seen more works inspired by the war, which is so profuse of romance, tragedy, and comedy. Mr. Beard's "The Night before the Battle" (265) is a solemn and striking picture. The soldiers lie sleeping around the guns; one of the men has just been writing a letter home; the sentry paces along the parapet; the cold moonlight gleams upon a gun which Death, the skeleton, is sighting. It is a picture which makes the spectator glad that peace is come. If, then, you step from this picture to the door, and look across the hall of the staircase, you will see, high over the door of the opposite room, a picture that would richly reward your attention—if you could see it. But you can not. The architect made there a sunken panel. The Committee have buried a picture in it. By-and-by, when the exhibition is over and the picture is taken down, you will see, if you choose, a charming treatment of a characteristic episode in the war, "General Sherman's March through Georgia—his Advance arriving at a Plantation" (86), by Thomas Nast. The work is full of expression in the faces and groups, but you would not know it. There is a party of officers approaching the disdainful ladies of the house, who are standing upon the piazza, which is capitally contrasted with a group of the slaves paying homage to the soldiers; there is a characteristic middle distance of military columns and squads, with all the busy, bustling, surprised movement attendant upon such an arrival; there is the Southern landscape, the mossy trees, the languid air, the sluggish river; but you will never know it so long as the picture hangs where it can not be seen. We beg the authorities of the Academy to put some bust or basso relievo in that unfortunate niche, and never again to put a picture there.

Beneath it, on each side of the door into the main hall, hang the "Coming Storm" (85), by S. R. Gifford, and "Ullswater" (91), by J. F. Kensett. Mr. Gifford's landscape is fine. The startled hush that goes before the whirr of the tempest is subtly indicated; and it is certainly one of his best works, even if it be a little melodramatic. Mr. Kensett, upon the other side of the door, shows us the very ecstasy of summer beauty among the hills of the English lake region. This is one of the most delightful of Kensett's pictures, and he is a happy man who sees it always upon his wall. Mr. Kensett's contributions this year are only four, but they are in his best style. "An October morning" (380) is one of the exquisite scenes in the treatment of which he is unsurpassed.

The post of honor is occupied by Mr. Bierstadt's "Looking down Yo Semite Valley, California" (436). The general aspect of this picture has been somewhat familiarized to the public eye by a small and exquisite study of the same subject in the exhibition of the Sanitary Fair a year ago. It is a bright picture with a certain freshness of form which is striking, and there is a fine masterly facility in the execution. But the subject seems for some reason inadequate to so large a canvas. The interest is disproportioned to the size. We speak under correction, however, for we record an impression rather than a judgment. "The late Peletiah Perit" (448), by Thomas Hicks, is one of the best of the artist's full-length portraits. It has exactly the character of the good man whom it represents, for although we never saw him we recognize here the impression which he made upon those who were personally familiar with him. In the room at the head of the staircase there are two pictures, "Listeners" (214) and "The Singers" (210), by William M. Hunt, which, although painted in a manner that we can not like, are full of tenderness and grace. Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Christmas Time" (376) is also a very charming little work. It is an interior with portraits, and painted so carefully and thoughtfully that it is sure to confirm the reputation of the artist. Mr. C. P. Cranch, in Nos. 12, 379, and 393, contributes some Venetian scenes, painted from pure love of the mysterious and romantic city, and with the poetic suggestion that belongs to the subject.

We speak of the pictures that strike us as we stroll through the rooms, and shall record our impressions of some other works at another time.

FROM THOMAS'S ARMY.

An officer writes to us from Tennessee: "In my present secluded, out-of-the-way place, where reports from the great world come but seldom, I want to tell you, if I can, how it seems to me the army—I am certain of the black part of it—regard the death of the President. In the first place there has been, ever since they began to understand him, a love for the good man now gone to the good man's heaven, little short of idolatry. It was pure and genuine affection, and joined to it a confidence and trust in his sagacity and honesty such as I verily believe was never before entertained for any man by so large a number. They had all come to look upon him as the chosen leader under whose guidance, peace, and prosperity, the gift of the dear God would come to the nation and to them all.

"The shock his death has given it is impossible to express. On whom can we depend, to whom can we look, now in this trying hour? they ask. It is not the cry of doubt, or disloyalty, or despair of the republic, but the anguish of heart bereft of heart's best friend. Their love, their gratitude, their all-embracing confidence and trust can not be transferred in a moment. It is a personal bereavement to every one of them, and especially to our good colored fellows. I called out my regiment and read them the sad news. There was not a dry eye among them; and on that day and yesterday, the day of the funeral, there were the silence and sadness of the grave through the camp.

"......I see Mr. Beecher says he would treat Jefferson Davis as he does other wasps and let him go. But you forget, Mr. Beecher, that the wasp which you mercifully released had committed no other offense than buzzing about your parlor-window. Suppose you had seen it settle down on the breast of your sleeping, unconscious child and thrust its poisonous sting deep into the flesh would you not have killed it on the spot? And Jeff Davis is no wasp. More venomous than the scorpion, more relentless than the wolf, more cunning than the serpent, more lying than the devil, he has robbed the land of its best jewels....It may be the divine purpose to let him live an outcast with the brand of Cain upon him, for in no Christian community can he have a home. But if he falls into our hands he shall die; so believes the army.

"So believing, and hoping that the end of the rebellion draws near and peace is dawning, they will support the administration of Andrew Johnson or of any other man who, as they believe, has at heart the welfare of the republic."

THE LINCOLN HOSPITAL.

In response to our suggestion that a monument to Mr. Lincoln should take the form of a hospital for soldiers and sailors, a responsible gentleman writes to offer for that purpose a lot of thirteen acres admirably situated on the harbor of New London, near the mouth of the Thames River. This property will be deeded for purposes named to a board of national trustees on condition that the sum of —— shall be raised by voluntary subscription to erect a suitable building, and to equip and maintain a hospital. Our correspondent adds: "To assure you that it is not an elephant which I wish to get rid of, and that I have no mercenary motive in the matter, it may be proper to say that I paid for said lot over one year since the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, and now hold it at three thousand dollars: and further, I neither own, nor am I interested, neither do I expect to be interested, in any manner whatsoever with any of the adjoining lands or interests."

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

We began in the last Number of the *Weekly* the publication of the new novel by Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," which was one of the most delightful stories of the last year. "Barbara's History" at once made the reputation of Miss Edwards as a skillful and fascinating novelist, and "Half a Million of Money" promises to maintain it. The first number was a prologue, the scene of which was London a hundred years ago. With the Number published to-day the tale properly opens in a clear, sweet, and simple strain which engages warm interest. In the succeeding number there is a charming picture of a Swiss pastor. We can sincerely commend the opening story as very certain to reward richly the reader's attention. It is not technically a "sensation story," but it is vivid, graphic, and very interesting.

☞ The Portrait of "Mr. Lincoln at Home," published in our last issue, was copied from the admirable Photograph of Mr. A. Berger, 285 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

General Grant reached Raleigh early on Monday morning, April 24. He immediately notified General Sherman that the Government at Washington had not ratified the memorandum of terms agreed upon between him and the rebel General Johnston. Notice was sent to the latter that hostilities would be resumed within forty-eight hours, and a fresh demand was made for surrender. The Lieutenant-General very properly committed the whole matter as fully into the hands of General Sherman as if nothing had occurred. Sherman had acted in his previous arrangement upon a misunderstanding, having supposed from the manner in which General Grant's lenient terms to Lee were approved at the North, and from the permission granted by General Weitzel to the Virginia Legislature to reassemble at Richmond, that the Government was anxious to conciliate even those who had been prominent actors in the rebellion. General Grant in a few words set him right in that matter. General Johnston, without any very apparent reluctance, accepted the same terms which had been granted to Lee, and on those terms surrendered all the rebel armies north and east of the Chattahoochee River. The formal surrender was made on the 29th to General Schofield, who has been appointed commander of the forces left in North Carolina.

Thus the last organized army east of the Mississippi has been dissolved. For west of the Chattahoochie Generals Thomas and Canby have already, by the capture of Mobile and the occupation of Selma, Montgomery, and other important points, finished up the war in their departments. There can be no doubt as to the speedy disorganization of the rebel army west of the Mississippi.

Even the irregular forces of the rebellion, from whom much trouble was expected, are giving up their arms. Mosby's men have nearly all surrendered; and though their commander is still at large his whereabouts are known and his capture is assured. Morgan's command in the west is taking the same course.

From the enormous military establishment essential to war the nation is now drifting toward one more suitable to an era of peace. Orders have been issued providing for the reduction of the army and the curtailment of military expenses. Soldiers in hospital requiring no further surgical treatment are to be honorably discharged and paid; officers and soldiers who have been prisoners of war and are now on furlough or in parole-camps, and all recruits at rendezvous, except those for the regular army, are also to be discharged. The Adjutant-General has been ordered to make up complete returns of the armies in the field and in garrison with a view to their reduction. It will not require a large number of men to prevent the disturbance of peace at the South. Already a large portion of Sherman's army is taking its last march *en route* for home. The number of clerks and employés in the Quarter-master's, Engineer's, and Provost Marshal General's departments are to be reduced to the number absolutely necessary for closing business. All ocean transports are to be discharged except those necessary to bring home soldiers, also all inland transports with few exceptions.

The purchase of horses and mules, the purchase of forage, the purchase of wagons and other land transportation, and all purchases for railroad construction will be stopped. The Commissary-General of Subsistence will discontinue the purchase of supplies; the Chief of Ordnance will stop all purchases of arms and ammunition; the Chief of Engineers will stop labor on field fortifications and other works; and the chiefs of the respective bureaus will immediately cause proper returns to be made out of the public property in their charge, and statements of the property in each that may be sold upon advertisement, without prejudice to the service.

On the 29th President Johnson issued an order removing all restrictions upon commercial intercourse with all the States east of the Mississippi. This will have a beneficial effect in hastening on the work of recuperating by peaceful pursuits the devastations of a four-year's war.

THE REBEL RAM "WEBB."

On the evening of Sunday, April 23, our gun-boats at the mouth of Red River were eluded, and the rebel ram *Webb* escaped into the Mississippi. She made out to escape pursuit, and passed New Orleans. From New Orleans she was chased by the Government steamer *Hollyhock*, and when some distance below that city the steamer *Richmond* was discovered coming up; so that all chance of her escape was cut off, and she was run aground and fired, and her officers and crew escaped. She was commanded by Captain Reed, of *Tacony* piratical notoriety. The *Webb* left Shreveport, Louisiana, on the Red River, on the 16th of April, with a cargo of cotton, turpentine, and rosin, with which it was designed to run her down the Mississippi to the Gulf, and escape to Havana.

THE WRECK OF THE "SULTANA."

A terrible calamity, scarcely paralleled in the history of steamboat navigation, happened on the morning of April 28 to the steamer *Sultana* eight miles above Memphis. The *Sultana*, Captain Mason, was on her way from New Orleans to Cairo with 2000 people on board, of whom all but about fifty were paroled prisoners on their way home from the rebel prison at Andersonville. At 2 A.M. the boiler burst while all on board were asleep except the officers and employés of the boat. Nearly 1500 lives were lost. Among the soldiers were 36 commissioned officers. Hon. W. D. Snow, member of Congress from Arkansas, was on board, and escaped uninjured.

The scene following the explosion was heart-rending and terrible in the extreme. Hundreds of people were blown into the air, and descending into the water, some dead, some with broken limbs, some scalded, were borne under by the resistless current of the great river, never to rise again. The survivors represent the screams as agonizing beyond precedent. Some clung to frail pieces of the wreck, as drowning men cling to straws, and sustained themselves for a few moments, but finally became exhausted and sunk. Only the best swimmers, aided by fragments of the wreck, were enabled to reach the woods, and there take refuge until rescued by boats sent from the landing here to their assistance. There were about fifteen women and children aboard, and, as near as can be ascertained, only two or three have been found. Some of the wretched people were borne by the current as far down as the levee at this city, and this was the first intimation the officers of the boats in port received of the terrible disaster.

In twenty minutes after the explosion the whole boat was in a sheet of fire. A dense mass of people, estimated at 500, took refuge on the bow of the boat while the flames were driven aft by the wind; but the boat soon turned stern down the stream, reversing the flame, when the entire mass perished together, many roasted while clinging to the boat.

There is suspicion on the part of some that a torpedo must have been placed in the coal and that the explosion occurred from this cause.

NEWS ITEMS.

Stephen R. Mallory, the rebel Secretary of the Navy, surrendered himself at Pensacola to Captain Gibson, of the national navy, on the 20th of April.

The bulletins of the Surgeon-General bring the gratifying assurance that Secretary Seward is quite past all danger, and will doubtless soon be able to attend to all the duties of his important position. Mr. Frederick Seward is also doing well.

The Louisville *Journal* has information that the rebel General Gideon J. Pillow has requested to be allowed to return to his home in Tennessee, under the amnesty oath and giving bonds.

Nine hundred rebels at Cumberland Gap surrendered on the 28th, and were paroled.

It will require eleven millions of dollars to pay off General Sherman's army.

The discontinuance of the drafting system will relieve from duty a force of persons estimated at 70,000.

Secretary Welles has sent a congratulatory letter to Admiral Thatcher on the fall of Mobile.

The rebel ram *Albemarle*, recently sunk in the Roanoke River, by Lieutenant Cushing, has been raised at an expense of $20,000, and towed to Norfolk, where she will be repaired. Her machinery is in good condition, and her hull not seriously damaged.

The Department of Washington has been subdivided into four military districts, under command, respectively, of Major-General John G. Parke, Brevet Major-General O. B. Millan, Colonel H. H. Wells, and Colonel M. B. Sweitzer; the whole under command of Major-General Augur.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

The excitement in Europe on receiving intelligence of the capture of Richmond was most intense. The opinion was almost unanimous that this victory would end the war, though the rebel organs preferred to wait and hear from the other side. The scene in the French Legislative body on April 15 when the news was communicated was somewhat extraordinary. A debate was in progress on an amendment to the address to the crown, expressing sympathy with our cause. Mr. Pelletan spoke in favor of the amendment, but was constantly interrupted by the majority. The amendment was rejected by 195 votes against 24.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"By the Eternal!" again.—"Jack" and "John" are, the world over, the same. Jackson (*Jack's son*) is the same as Johnson (*Johns's son*). Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States, is in name the same as Andrew Jackson, seventh President. Both were born in North Carolina, both lived for a time in South Carolina, both emigrated to Tennessee. Andrew, under his new name, will accomplish what he promised under his old name: "The Union must and shall be preserved!"

QUIDDITIES.

For the Old Ladies.—A tea-party without scandal is like a knife without a handle.

Words without deeds are like the husks without the seeds.

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

A land without the laws is like a cat without her claws.

Life without cheer is like a cellar without beer.

A master without a cane is like a rider without the rein.

Marriage without means is like a horse without his beans.

A man without a wife is like a fork without a knife.

A quarrel without fighting is like thunder without lightning.

Proverbs.—Preserved by Joshua Billings, Esq.—Don't swop with your relashuns unless you kin afford to give them the big end of the trade. Marry young, and if circumstances require it, often. If you can't git good cloathes and edication too, git the cloathes. Say how are you to every body. Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a good stock of impudence on hand. Bee charitable—three-cent pieces were made on purpose. It costs more to borry money than it does to buy. Ef a man flatters yu, yu can kalkerlate he is a rogue, or you are a fule. Keep both ize open, but don't see morn harlf you notis. If you ich for fame, go into the grave-yard and scratch yourself agin a tume-stone. Young man, be more anxus about the pedigre yur going to leave than you are about the wun somebody's going to leave you. Sin is like weeds—self-sone and sure to cum. Two lovers, like two armies, generally git along quietly until they are engaged.

"Friendship with all, entangling alliances with none," is as good a motto for women as for nations.

A man with an enormously large mouth called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instrument, and was about to commence operations, the man began to strain and stretch his mouth till he got it to a frightful width. "Stay, Sir," said the dentist; "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand outside of it to draw your tooth."

"Good-morning, Mr. Jenkins; where have you kept yourself this long time?" "Kept myself," said Jenkins; "I don't keep myself, I live on credit."

The Tooth of Time.—"When Nineveh has departed and Palmyra is in ruins; when Imperial Rome has fallen, and the Pyramids themselves are sinking into decay, it is no wonder," sighed a French humorist, "that my old black coat should be getting seedy at the elbows."

Good prescription for a horse that will not eat a "bit"—give him oats.

Somebody says the most difficult ascent is getting up a subscription.

A Printer's Toast.—"Woman—the fairest work in creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

Definition of the "Happy Mean."—A joyful miser.

A married man, who was out at a whist party, when he proposed going home, was urged to stay a little longer. "Well," he replied, "perhaps I may as well; my wife, probably, is already as mad as she can be."

The Fee-*simple*.—A lawyer's.

Christian Nomenclature.—What would be the best Christian name for a female street Arab?—Arabella.

Why are suicides the most successful people in the world?—Because they always accomplish their *own ends*.

The young lady who lost the little pink *bow* from her jockey-hat has found a big brown one under a beaver.

Quaker Affirmation.—"Od drab it!"

There may be a hundred geese with all their quills in one *pen*.

Prize-fighters, clam-eaters, and Turks, are all muscle-men.

If a man is drowned, *water* is his *bier*.

Red-dy—ay, Red-dy.—The ladies in Paris are all trying to make their hair golden. It is the correct thing to call it "golden," but the right reading is "red." The cunning plan by which the color is imparted to the locks is a science which ought to be ranked as the "carroty'd art-ery," as being so closely connected with the vain.

An Irishman, who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

Curious.—The pronoun I and the interjection O are always represented by a capital; when U is added, it is the representation of no capital at all.

Educational Appliances for the Agricultural Classes.—Thrashing machines.

Epitaph on an Old Maid.—A lass—too late!

THE ASSASSIN'S END.

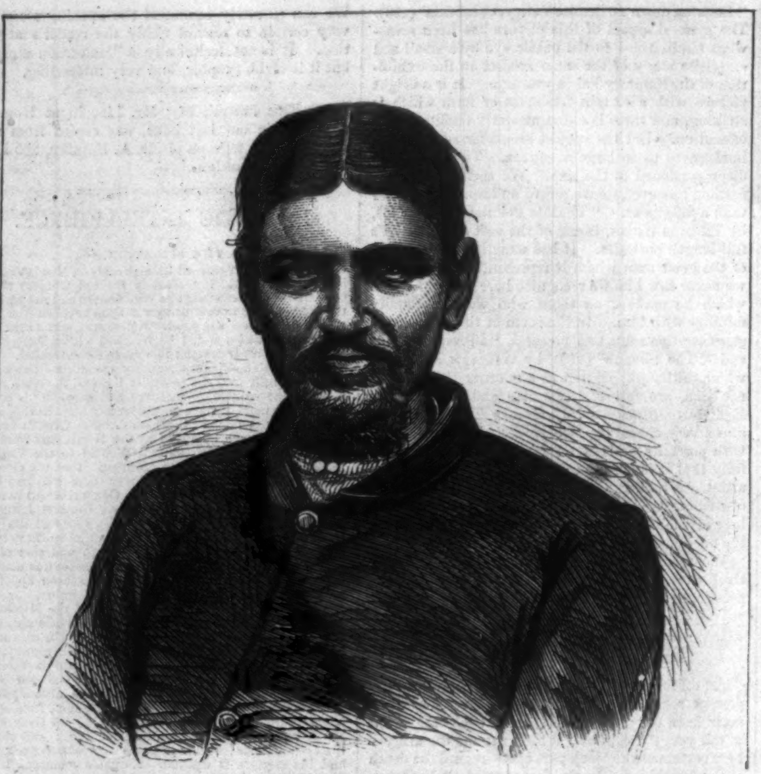
After eleven days had transpired since the death of the President his murderer, **John Wilkes Booth**, was discovered in a barn on **Garrett**'s farm, near Port Royal, on the Rappahannock. Immediately after the murder Colonel **Baker**, of the detective service, set out to find **Booth**'s hiding-place. He soon succeeded in capturing **Atzeroth** and Dr. **Mudge**. It was the latter of these who attended to **Booth**'s crippled leg, and a boot with **Booth**'s name in it was found in his possession. A negro was then arrested, who said he had seen **Booth** and another man cross the Potomac in a fishing-boat. Colonel **Baker** sent to **Hancock** for twenty-five mounted men to aid him in the pursuit. These were sent under Lieutenant **Dougherty**, and **Baker** placed them under the control of Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. **Conger**, and of his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. **Baker**, and dispatched them to Belle Plain, with orders to scour the country about Port Royal.

The detectives and cavalrymen left Washington at two P.M. on the 23d of April, and at ten o'clock disembarked at Belle Plain, near Fredericksburg. Here they commenced their inquest, but without any result. The next morning they came to Port Royal ferry and crossed. At Port Royal they found one **Rollins**, a fisherman, who referred them to a negro named **Lucas** as having driven two men a short distance toward Bowling Green in a wagon. These men perfectly answered the description of **Booth** and his accomplice **Harold**. Some disbanded men, it was learned, belonging to **Mosby**'s command, took **Booth** under their protection on the way to Bowling Green. On the 25th **Baker** and his party proceeded to Bowling Green, a small court-house town in Caroline County. Here they found the captain of the rebel cavalry, and extorted from him a statement of **Booth**'s hiding-place. It was found that this was at the house of a Mr. **Garrett**, which they had passed on their way to Bowling Green.

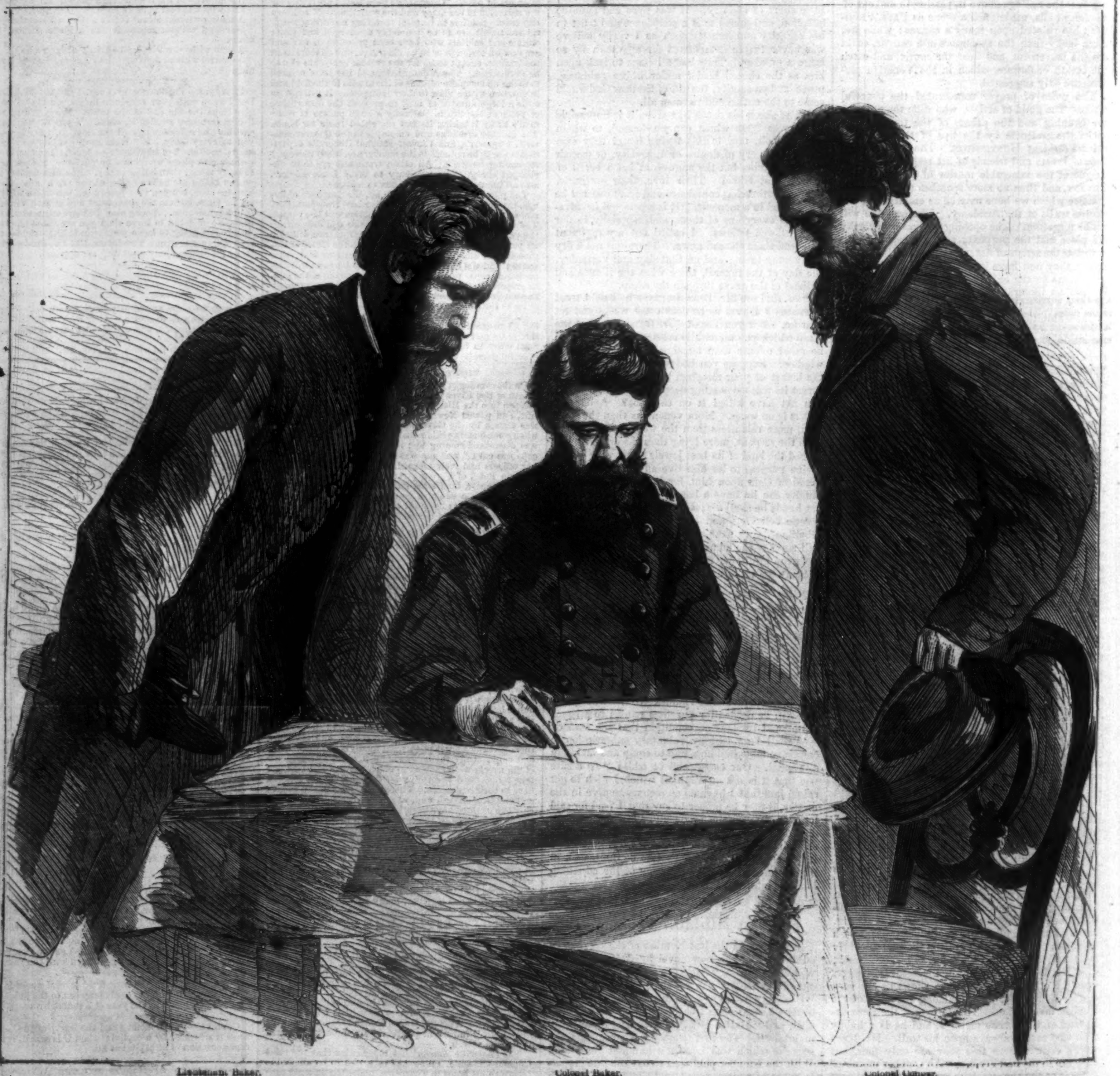
Returning with the captain for a guide, the worn-out command halted at **Garrett**'s gate at two o'clock on the morning of the 26th. The *World* correspondent gives the following description of the house: "In the pale moonlight, three hundred yards from the main road, to the left, a plain old farm-house looked grayly through its environing locusts. It was worn and whitewashed, and two-storied, and its half-human windows glowered down upon the silent cavalrymen like watching owls which stood as sentries over some horrible secret asleep within. The front of this house looked up the road toward the Rappahannock, but did not face it, and on that side a long Virginia porch protruded, where, in the summer, among the honeysuckles, the humming-bird flew like a visible odor. Nearest the main road, against the pallid gable, a single-storied kitchen stood, and there were three other doors, one opening upon the porch, one in the kitchen gable, and one in the rear of the farm-house.

"Dimly seen behind, an old barn, high and weather-beaten, faced the roadside gate, for the house itself lay to the left of its own lane; and nestling beneath the barn, a few long corn-cribs lay with a cattle-shed at hand. There was not a swell of the landscape any where in sight. A plain dead level contained all the tenements and structures. A worm fence stretched along the road, broken by two battered gate-posts, and between the road and the house the lane was crossed by a second fence and gate. The farm-house lane, passing the house front, kept straight on to the barn, though a second carriage-track ran up to the porch."

Without noise the house was surrounded, and **Baker** went up to the kitchen door on the side and wrapped. An old man in half undress undrew the bolts, and had scarcely opened the door before **Baker** had him by the throat with a pistol at his ear, and asked, "Where are the men who stay with you?" Under the menace of instant death the old man seemed paralyzed, but at **Baker**'s order lit a candle. The question was then repeated. "They are gone," replied the old man. Soon a young boy appeared on the stage and told **Baker** the men he sought were in the barn. The barn

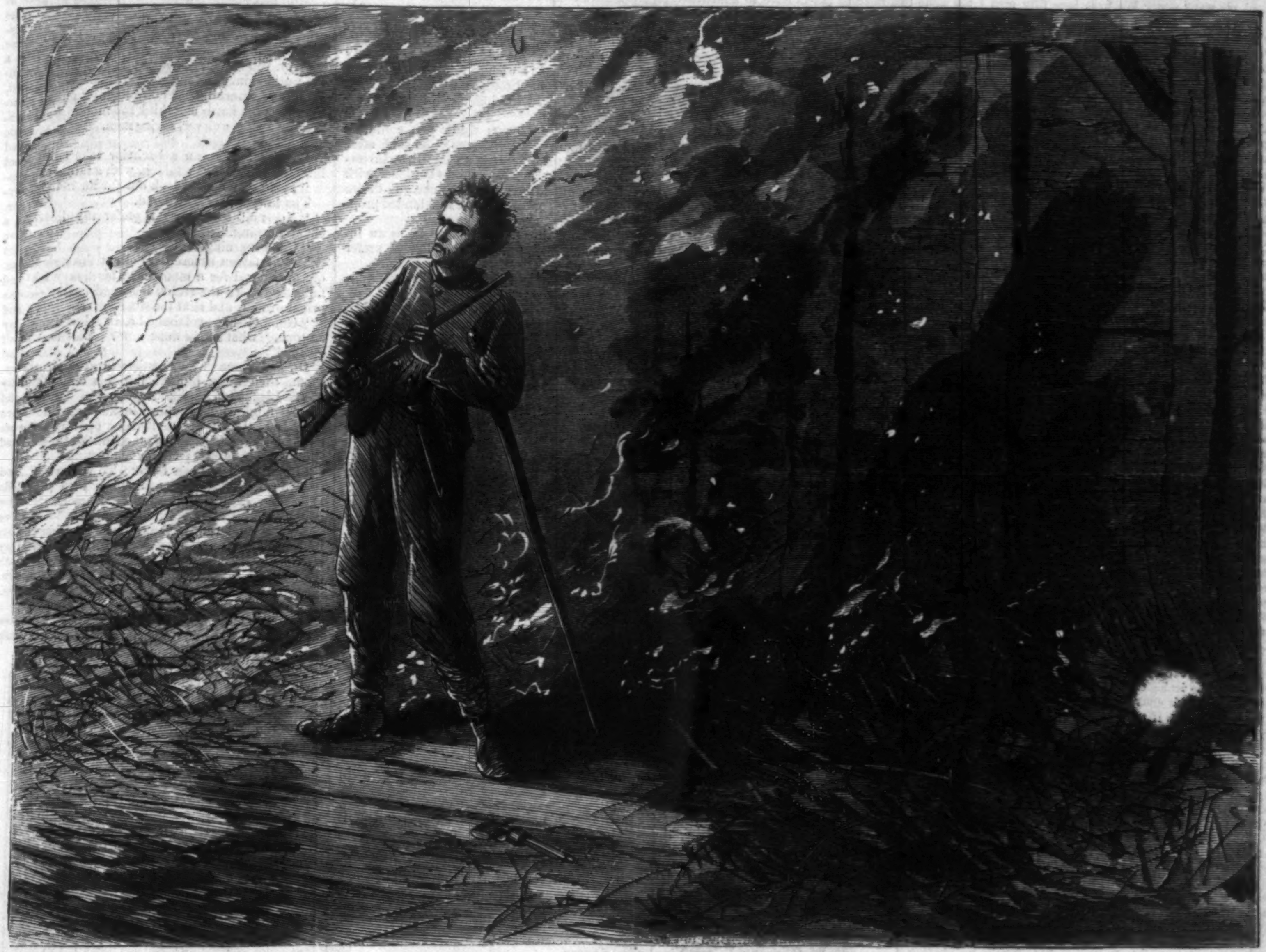


SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT.—[Photographed by Brady.]



Lieutenant Baker. Colonel Baker. Colonel Conger.

PLANNING THE CAPTURE OF BOOTH AND HAROLD.—[Photographed by Gardner, Washington, D.C.]



BOOTH'S CAPTURE—THE ASSASSIN BROUGHT TO BAY.

was then surrounded. Baker and Conger went to the door. The former called out signifying his intention to have a surrender on the part of the men inside, or else a bonfire and a shooting match. He sent the young boy in to receive their arms. To the boy's appeal Booth answered with a curse, accusing the boy of having betrayed him. The boy then came out, and Baker repeated his demand, giving Booth five minutes to make up his mind. Booth replied,

"Who are you, and what do you want with us?"

Baker answered, "We want you to deliver up your arms and become our prisoners."

"But who are you?"

"That makes no difference. We know who you

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION OF BOOTH'S BODY ON BOARD THE MONITOR "MONTAUK."

are, and we want you. We have here fifty men with carbines and pistols. You can not escape."

After a pause Booth said: "Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends." He then asked time to consider, which was granted. After a little interval Baker threatened to fire the barn if they did not come out. Booth replied that he was a cripple and begged a chance for his life, declaring that he would never be taken alive. Baker replied that he did not come there to fight but to capture him, and again threatened to fire the barn.

"Well, then, my brave boys," said Booth, "prepare a stretcher for me."

Harold now wanted to surrender, and, in the midst of a shower of imprecations from Booth, did so. Conger then set fire to the barn. It is this instant that our artist has chosen for the graphic illustration on page 293. The *World* correspondent thus describes the scene:

"The blaze lit up the black recesses of the great barn till every wasp's nest and cobweb in the roof was luminous, flinging streaks of red and violet across the tumbled farm gear in the corner, plows, harrows, hoes, rakes, sugar-mills, and making every separate grain in the high bin adjacent gleam like a mote of precious gold. They tinged the beams, the upright columns, the barricades, where clover and timothy, piled high, held toward the hot incendiary their separate straws for the funeral pile. They bathed the murderer's retreat in a beautiful illumination, and while in bold outline his figure stood revealed, they rose like an impenetrable wall to guard from sight the hated enemy who lit them. Behind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Conger saw Wilkes Booth standing upright upon a crutch. He likens him at this instant to his brother Edwin, whom he says he so much resembled that he half believed, for the moment, the whole pursuit to have been a mistake. At the gleam of the fire Wilkes dropped his crutch and carbine, and on both hands crept up to the spot to espy the incendiary and shoot him dead. His eyes were lustrous like fever, and swelled and rolled in terrible beauty, while his teeth were fixed, and he wore the expression of one in the calmness before frenzy. In vain he peered with vengeance in his look; the blaze that made him visible concealed his enemy. A second he turned glaring at the fire, as if to leap upon it and extinguish it, but it had made such headway that this was a futile impulse and he dismissed it. As calmly as upon the battle-field a veteran stands amidst the hail of ball and shell and plunging iron, Booth turned at a man's stride, and pushed for the door, carbine in poise, and the last resolve of death, which we name despair, set on his high, bloodless forehead."

At this instant Sergeant Boston Corbett fired through a crevice and shot Booth in the neck. He was carried out of the barn and laid upon the grass. Some water was brought and the dying man revived. Baker put his ear close down and heard him say, "Tell mother I die for my country." He was then placed upon the porch before the dwelling. Reviving again he repeated his former words, adding, "I thought I did for the best." Finally the doctor arrived. Just at his coming Booth asked to have his hands raised and shown him. When this was done he muttered "Useless, useless." These were his last words. He died about four hours after he was shot.

Booth and Harold were dressed in rebel gray uniform. Harold was otherwise not disguised much. Booth's mustache had been cut off, apparently with scissors, and his beard allowed to grow, changing his appearance considerably. His hair had been cut somewhat shorter than he usually wore it.

His body and Harold were taken to Washington. Two sons of Garrett were also taken, but the rebel captain had escaped. A *post-mortem* examination of the remains took place on board the Monitor *Montauk* previous to his burial. Booth's body was laid out on a carpenter's bench between the stern and turret, wrapped in a gray blanket, and a guard placed over it. The lips of the corpse were tightly compressed, and the blood had settled in the lower part of the face and neck. Otherwise his face was pale, and wore a wild, haggard look, indicating exposure to the elements and a rough time generally in his skulking flight. His hair was disarranged and dirty, and apparently had not been combed since he took his flight. The head and breast were alone exposed to view, the lower portion of the body, including the hands and feet, being covered with a tarpaulin. The shot which terminated his life entered on the left side, at the back of the neck, a point not far distant from that in which his victim, our lamented President, was shot.

On the night of the 27th of April a small rowboat received the remains of the murderer, and no one save two men, it is said, know the place or manner of his sepulture.

Sergeant Corbett, the soldier who shot Booth, belongs to Company L, Sixteenth New York Cavalry. He was born in London, England, in 1832, and came to this country when seven years of age. He has lived in Troy, New York, where he learned his trade as hat-finisher, and subsequently worked in Albany, Boston, Richmond, and New York. He enlisted in the latter city in the Twelfth New York State Militia. While residing in Boston he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Never having been baptized, he was at a loss what name to adopt, but after making it a subject of prayer he believed himself instructed to take the name of Boston, his place of conversion. Last June a detachment of the Sixteenth was sent to the vicinity of Culpepper, where they were hemmed in by Mosby, and nearly all compelled to surrender except Corbett, who stood out manfully, and fired his revolver and twelve shots from his breech-loading rifle at his assailants before surrendering, which he did after firing his last round of ammunition. Mosby, in admiration of the bravery displayed by Corbett, ordered his men not to shoot him, and received his surrender with other expressions of admiration. He was taken to Lynchburg and thence to Andersonville, where he experienced, during five months' imprisonment, the same treatment as others have so numerously testified to. Out of fourteen members of his company, fellow-captives, but one besides himself returned. Upon one occasion he made his escape, but was tracked by blood-hounds and returned to captivity. When exchanged he was but a skeleton, and has not yet fully regained his health.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Corbett is his fervent religious enthusiasm. In a letter to his pastor last February he wrote:

"Do try and lead him" [speaking of an acquaintance] "to Jesus. Brother Irvine is here with me, and we often kneel together and besiege the throne of grace, and bless God He makes us happy in His love. We do not forget our pastors and churches and brethren; and we feel that we are not forgotten by those whom we have left for a while. Last night another brother who belongs to our regiment had a season of prayer with us, after reading the Word; and we three were just as happy as in a Big Meeting. Brother Corbett shouted, and nobody was hurt by it. Glory to God!"

Further on he says: "Give those dear little ones a kiss for me. God bless them! I wish to be remembered with the kindest Christian love," etc.

Sergeant Corbett is well known in this city. He was a constant attendant of the Fulton Street Meeting, and greatly annoyed it by what was considered his fanaticism. He took part frequently, and in his prayers was in the habit of adding "er" to all his words, as "O Lord-er, hear-er our prayer-er." When any thing pleased him he would shout, "Amen," "Glory to God," in a sharp, shrill voice, to the great horror of the official who controls the meeting. All remonstrance was in vain, and he shouted to the very last. He enlisted in the Twelfth Regiment, and made conscience his guide there. He was perpetually in hot water because he would follow the order of his conscience rather than the military order. He prayed in the corner of his tent regularly night and morning, nor could the taunts or jeers of his associates turn him aside. He was often seen in the guard-house, with his knapsack full of bricks as a punishment, with his Testament in his hand, lifting up his voice against swearing, preaching temperance, and calling upon his wild companions to "seek the Lord."

One day, at a dress parade in Franklin Square, opposite our office, Butterfield cursed and damned the regiment for something he did not like. Corbett stepped out of the ranks and reproved the Colonel for breaking God's law. He was, of course, put under arrest. He made up his mind that the time for which he enlisted expired at twelve o'clock at night on a certain day. He gave notice that he should go home when his time was out. He was put on picket duty, and as the hour of midnight was sounded he laid his gun down on the line and marched off. He was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to be shot. The order was not executed, but he was drummed out of the regiment.

The illustration which we give on page 292 represents Colonel Baker giving orders to Colonel Conger and Lieutenant Baker in relation to the pursuit of Booth. He has the map of Eastern Virginia before him, and is pointing out the probable route taken by the assassins. Pointing with a pencil to Port Royal he said: "You will find Booth within five miles of this place. I will give you twenty-five cavalry and a boat to land you at or near Belle Plain. If you find no wharf, throw your horses overboard and swim them ashore. You must not lose a moment. The cavalry will be under yours and Lieutenant Baker's entire control and dictation. *Don't shoot* Booth, *but take him alive.*" Thus the shooting of Booth by Sergeant Corbett appears to have been in disobedience to orders.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER II.

ANNO DOMINI 1860.

Two persons sat together in a first-floor room overlooking Chancery Lane. The afternoon sky was gray, and cold, and dull; and the room was grayer, colder, duller than the sky. Every thing about the place looked sordid and neglected. The rain-channeled smoke of years had crusted on the windows. The deed-boxes on the shelves behind the door, the shabby books in the book-case opposite the fire-place, the yellow map that hung over the mantle-piece, the tape-tied papers on the table, were all thickly coated with white dust. There was nothing fresh or bright within those four walls, except a huge green safe with paneled iron doors and glittering scutcheons, fixed into a recess beside the fireplace. There were only two old-fashioned, horse-hair covered chairs in the room. There was not even a carpet on the floor. A more comfortless place could scarcely be conceived beyond the walls of a prison; and yet, perhaps, it was not more comfortless than such places generally are.

It was the private room of William Trefalden, Esquire, attorney at law, and it opened out from the still drearier office in which his clerks were at work. There was a clock in each room, and an almanac on each mantle-shelf. The hands of both clocks pointed to half past four, and the almanacs both proclaimed that it was the second day of March, A.D. eighteen hundred and sixty.

The two persons sitting together in the inner chamber were the lawyer and one of his clients. Placed as he was with his back to the window and his face partly shaded by his hand, Mr. Trefalden's features were scarcely distinguishable in the gathering gloom of the afternoon. His client—a stout, pale man, with a forest of iron-gray hair about his massive temples—sat opposite, with the light full upon his face, and his hands crossed on the knob of his umbrella.

"I have come to talk to you, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "about that Castletowers mortgage."

"The Castletowers mortgage?" repeated Mr. Trefalden.

"Yes—I think I could do better with my money. In short, I wish to foreclose."

The lawyer shifted round a little farther from the light, and drew his hand a little lower over his eyes.

"What better do you think you could do with your money, Mr. Behrens?" he said, after a moment's pause. "It is an excellent investment. The Castletowers estate is burdened with no other incumbrance; and what can you desire better than five per cent. secured on landed property?"

"I have nothing to say against it, as an investment," replied the client; "but—I prefer something else."

Mr. Trefalden looked up with a keen, inquiring glance.

"You are too wise a man, I am sure, Mr. Behrens," said he, "to let yourself be tempted by any unsafe rate of interest."

The client smiled grimly.

"*You* are too wise a man, I should hope, Mr. Trefalden," rejoined he, "to suspect Oliver Behrens of any such folly? No, the fact is that five per cent. is no longer of such importance to me as it was seven years ago, and I have a mind to lay out that twenty-five thousand upon land."

"Upon land?" echoed the lawyer. "My dear Sir, it would scarcely bring you three and a half per cent."

"I know that," replied the client. "I can afford it."

There was another brief silence.

"You will not give notice, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, quietly, "till you have seen something which you think likely to suit you."

"I have seen something already," replied Mr. Behrens.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; in Worcestershire—one hundred and thirty miles from London."

"Is that not somewhat far for a man of business, Mr. Behrens?"

"No, I have my box in Surrey, you know, adjoining the Castletowers grounds."

"True. Have you taken any steps toward this purchase?"

"I have given your address to the lawyers in whose care the papers are left, and have desired them to communicate with you upon the subject. I trust to you to see that the title is all as it should be."

Mr. Trefalden slightly bent his head.

"I will give you my best advice upon it," he replied. "In the mean time, I presume, you would wish to give notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage."

"Precisely what I came here to do."

Mr. Trefalden took up a pen and an oblong slip of paper.

"You will allow twelve months, of course?" said he, interrogatively.

"Certainly not. Why should I? Only six are stipulated for in the deed."

"True; but courtesy—"

"Tush! this is a matter of law, not courtesy," interrupted the client.

"Still, I fear it would prove a serious inconvenience to Lord Castletowers," remonstrated the lawyer. "Twenty-five thousand pounds is a large sum."

"Lord Castletowers's convenience is nothing to me," replied the other, abruptly. "I'm a man of the people, Mr. Trefalden. I have no respect for coronets."

"Very possible, Mr. Behrens," said Trefalden, in the same subdued tone; "but you may remember that your interest has been paid with scrupulous regularity, and that it is a very hard matter for a poor nobleman—Lord Castletowers *is* poor—to find so heavy a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds at only six months' notice."

"He did not think it too short when he gave me the bond," said Mr. Behrens.

"He wanted money," replied Mr. Trefalden, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, and now *I* want it. Come, come, Mr. Trefalden, Lord Castletowers is your client, and, no doubt, you would like to oblige him; but I am your client too—and a better one than he is, I'll be bound!"

"I trust, Mr. Behrens, that I should never seek to oblige one client at the expense of another," said the lawyer, stiffly. "If you think that I would, you wrong me greatly."

"I think, Sir, that, like most other folks, you have more respect for a lord than a wool-stapler," answered the man of the people, with a hard smile. "But I don't blame you for it. You're a professional man, and all professional men have those prejudices."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Trefalden. "I have none. I am the son of a merchant, and my family have all been merchants for generations. But this is idle. Let us proceed with our business. I am to take your instructions, Mr. Behrens, to serve Lord Castletowers with a notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage in six months' time?"

Mr. Behrens nodded, and the lawyer made a note of the matter.

"I am also to understand that should Lord Castletowers request a further delay of six months, you would not be disposed to grant it?"

"Certainly not."

Mr. Trefalden laid his pen aside.

"If he can't find the money," said the wool-stapler, "let him sell the old place. I'll buy it."

"Shall I tell his lordship so?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"If you like. But it won't come to that, Mr. Trefalden. You're a rich man—aha! you needn't shake your head—you're a rich man, and you'll lend him the money."

"Indeed you are quite mistaken, Mr. Behrens," replied the lawyer, rising. "I am a very poor man."

"Ay, you say so, of course; but I know what the world thinks of your poverty, Mr. Trefalden. Well, good-morning. You're looking pale, Sir. You work too hard, and think too much. That's the way with you clever, saving men. You should take care of yourself."

"Pshaw! how can a bachelor take care of himself?" said Mr. Trefalden, with a faint smile

"True; you should look out for an heiress.

The lawyer shook his head.

"No, no," said he, "I prefer my liberty. Good-morning."

"Good-morning."

Mr. Trefalden ushered his client through the office, listened for a moment to his heavy footfall going down the stairs, hastened back to his private room, and shut the door.

"Good God!" exclaimed he, in a low agitated tone, "what's to be done now? This is ruin—ruin!"

He took three or four restless turns about the room, then flung himself into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"He might well say that I looked pale," muttered he. "I felt pale. It came upon me like a thunder-stroke. *I* a rich man, indeed! *I* with twenty-five thousand pounds at command! Merciful powers! what can I do? To whom can I turn for it? What security have I to give? Only three months' notice, too. I am lost! I am lost!"

He rose, and went to the great safe beside the fire-place. His hand trembled so that he could scarcely fit the key to the lock. He threw back one of the heavy iron-paneled doors, and brought out a folded parchment, with the words, "*Deed of* MORTGAGE *between Gervase Leopold Wyncliffe, Earl of Castletowers, and Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Bread Street, London,*" written upon the outer side. Opening this document upon the desk, he resumed his seat, and read it carefully through from beginning to end. As he did so the trouble deepened and deepened on his face, and his cheek grew still more deathly. When he came to the signatures at the end, he pushed it from him with a bitter sigh.

"Not a flaw in it!" he groaned. "No pretext for putting off the evil day for even a week beyond the time! What a fool I was to think I could ever replace it! And yet what could I do? I wanted it. If it were to do again to-morrow I should do it. Yes, by Heaven! I should, be the consequences what they might."

He paused, rose again, and replaced the mortgage deed in the safe.

"If I only dared to burn it!" said he, with a lingering glance at the fire. "Or if—"

He took a letter from the table, and stood looking for some moments at the signature.

"Oliver Behrens!" he mused. "A bold hand, with something of the German character in that little twist at the top of the O, easy to imitate; but then the witnesses— No, no, impossible! Better expatriation than such a risk as that. If the worst comes to the worst, there's always America."

And with this he sank down into his chair again, rested his chin upon his open palms, and fell into a deep and silent train of thought.

CHAPTER III.

RESOLVED.

As William Trefalden sat in his little dismal private room, wearily thinking, the clouds in the sky parted toward the west, and the last gleam of daylight fell upon his face. Such a pale, eager face as it was, too, with a kind of strange beauty in it that no merely vulgar eye would have seen at all! To the majority of persons William Trefalden was simply a gentlemanly, "clever-looking" man. Attracted by the upright wall of forehead, which literally overbalanced the proportions of his face, they scarcely observed the delicacy of his other features. The clear pallor of his complexion, the subtle moulding of his mouth and chin, were altogether disregarded by those superficial observers. Even his eyes, large, brown, luminous as they were, lost much of their splendor beneath that superincumbent weight of brow. His age was thirty-eight; but he looked older. His hair was thick and dark, and sprinkled lightly here and there with silver. Though slender, he was particularly well made—so well made that it seemed impossible to him to move ungracefully. His hands were white and supple; his voice low; his manner grave and polished. A very keen and practiced eye might perhaps have detected a singular sub-current of nervous excitability beneath that gravity and polish—a nervous excitability which it had been the business of William Trefalden's whole life to conquer and conceal, and which none of those around him were Lavaters enough to discover. The ice of a studied reserve had effectually crusted over that fire. His own clerks, who saw him daily for three hundred and thirteen dreary days in every dreary year, had no more notion of their employer's inner life than the veriest strangers who brushed past him along the narrow footway of Chancery Lane. They saw him only as others saw him. They thought of him only as others thought of him. They knew that he had a profound and extensive knowledge of his profession, an iron will, and an inexhaustible reserve of energy. They knew that he would sit chained to his desk for twelve and fourteen hours at a time, when there was urgent business to be done. They knew that he wore a shabby coat, lunched every day on a couple of dry biscuits, made no friends, accepted no invitations, and kept his private address a dead secret, even from his head clerk. To them he was a grave, plodding, careful, clever man, somewhat parsimonious as to his expenditure, provokingly reticent as to his private habits, and evidently bent on the accumulation of riches. They were about as correct in their conclusions as the conclave of cardinals which elected Pope Sixtus the Fifth for no other merits than his supposed age and infirmities.

Lost in anxious thought, William Trefalden sat at his desk, in the same attitude, till dusk came on, and the lamps were lighted in the thoroughfare below. Once or twice he sighed, or stirred uneasily; but his eyes never wandered from their fixed stare, and his head was never lifted from his hands. At length he seemed to come to a sudden resolution. He rose, rang the bell, crumpled up the memorandum which he had written according to Mr. Behrens's instructions, and flung it into the fire.

The door opened, and a red-headed clerk made his appearance.

"Let my office-lamp be brought," said Mr. Trefalden, "and ask Mr. Keckwitch to step this way."

The clerk vanished, and was succeeded by Mr. Keckwitch, who came in with the lighted lamp in his hand.

"Put the shade over it, Keckwitch," exclaimed Mr. Trefalden, impatiently, as the glare fell full upon his face. "It's enough to blind one!"

The head clerk obeyed slowly, looking at his employer all the while from beneath his eyelashes.

"You sent for me, Sir?" he asked, huskily.

He was a short, fat, pallid man, with no more neck than a Schiedam bottle. His eyes were small and almost colorless. His ears had held so many generations of pens that they stood out from his head like the handles of a classic vase; and his voice was always husky.

"Yes. Do you know where to lay your hand upon that old copy of my great-grandfather's will?"

"Jacob Trefalden of Basinghall Street, seventeen hundred and sixty?"

Mr. Trefalden nodded.

The head clerk took the subject into placid consideration, and drummed thoughtfully with his fat fingers upon the most prominent portion of his waistcoat.

"Well, Sir," he admitted, after a brief pause, "I won't say that I may not be able to find it."

"Do so, if you please. Who is in the office?"

"Only Mr. Gorkin."

"Desire Gorkin to run out and fetch me a Continental Bradshaw."

Mr. Keckwitch retired; dispatched the red-headed clerk; took down a dusty deed-box from a still dustier corner cupboard; brought forth the old yellow parchment for which his employer had just inquired, and slipped the same within the lid of his desk. Having done this, he took an armful of mouldy deeds from another shelf of the same cupboard, and littered them all about the desk and floor. Just as he had completed these arrangements, Gorkin returned, breathless, with the volume in his hand, and Mr. Keckwitch took it in.

"And the copy?" said Mr. Trefalden, without lifting his eyes from an old book of maps over which he was bending.

"I am looking for it, Sir," replied the head clerk.

"Very good."

"Gorkin may go, I suppose, Sir? It's more than half past five."

"Of course; and you too, when you have found the deed."

Mr. Keckwitch retired again, released the grateful Gorkin, placed himself at his desk, and proceeded with much deliberation to read the will.

"What's at the bottom of it?" muttered he, presently, as he paused with one fat finger on the opening sentence. "What's wrong? Something. I heard it in his voice. I saw it in his face. And he knew I should see it, too, when he called out about the shade. What is it? What's he peering into those maps about? Why does he want this copy? He never asked for it before. There ain't a farthing coming to him, I know. I've read it before. But I'll read it again, for all that. A man can never know too much of his employer's private affairs. Not much chance of learning a great deal of his either. Confounded private he keeps 'em."

He read on a little farther, and then paused again.

"Why did he send for that Continental Bradshaw?" he questioned to himself. "Why can I go, too, when there's plenty to be done here, and he knows it? He wants me gone—why? Where's he goin' himself? What's he up to? Abel Keckwitch, Abel Keckwitch, my best of friends, keep your right eye open!"

And with this apostrophe he returned to the deed, and proceeded with it sedulously.

"Well, Keckwitch," cried Mr. Trefalden, from the inner room," "have you found the copy?"

"Not yet, Sir," replied that trusty fellow, who was then rather more than half-way through it. "But I've turned out a boxful of old parchments, and I think I shall be sure—"

"Enough. Look closely for it, and bring it as soon as it turns up."

"It will turn up," murmured Mr. Keckwitch, "as soon as I have finished it."

And so it did, about five minutes after, when Mr. Keckwitch made his appearance with it at his master's door.

"Found? That's right!" exclaimed the lawyer, putting out his hand eagerly.

"I won't be sure, Sir, till you've looked at it," replied the head clerk, with becoming modesty.

Mr. Trefalden's fingers closed on the parchment, but his eyes flashed keenly into the lustreless orbs of Mr. Abel Keckwitch, and rested there a moment before they reverted to the indorsement.

"Humph!" said he, in a slightly altered tone. "Yes—it's quite right, thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night, Sir."

Mr. Trefalden looked after him suspiciously, and continued to do so, even when the door had been closed between them.

"The man's false," said he. "None but spies have so little curiosity. I shouldn't wonder if he's read every line."

Then he rose, locked the door, trimmed the lamp, dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and began to read the will. As he read his brow darkened and his lip grew stern. Presently he pushed the deed aside, and jotted down row after row of ciphers on a piece of blotting-paper. Then he went back to the deed, and back again to the ciphers, and every moment the frown settled deeper and deeper on his brow. Such a complex train of hopes and doubts, speculations and calculations, as were traversing the mazes of that busy brain! Sometimes he pondered in silence. Sometimes he muttered through his teeth; but so inaudibly that had there even been a listener at the door (as perhaps there was) that listener would not have been a syllable the wiser.

He took up a little almanac printed on a card, and cast up the weeks between the fourth of March and the third of April. There were not quite five. Not quite five weeks to the expiration of this long, long century, during which Jacob Trefalden's half million had been accumulating, interest upon interest—during which whole generations had been born, and lived, and had passed away! Good Heavens! to what a sum it had grown. It amounted now to nine million, five hundred and fifty-two thousand, four hundred and odd pounds! Words—mere words! His brain refused to realize them. He might as well have tried to realize the distance between the sun and the earth. And this gigantic bequest was to be divided between a charity and an heir. Half! Even the half baffled him. Even the half seemed too vast to convey any tangible idea to his mind. Even the half amounted to four million, seven hundred and seventy-six thousand, two hundred and odd pounds. Pshaw! both were so inconceivable that the one produced no more effect upon his imagination than the other.

He took up his pen, and made a rapid calculation. Supposing it were taken as an income at five per cent.? Ha! one could grasp that, at all events. It would produce about two hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds a year. Two hundred and thirty-eight thousand a year! A splendid revenue, truly; yet less than the income enjoyed by many an English nobleman; and not one penny more than might be very easily and pleasantly spent by even a poor devil of an attorney like himself!

It might have been his own, that princely heritage—nay, would have been but for the accursed accident of birth! It might have been his; and now to whom would it fall? To a stranger—an alien—probably to an uncultivated boor, ignorant of the very language of his forefathers! Oh, the bitter injustice of it! Had not *he* at least as fair a right to this wealth? Did not *he* stand in precisely the same degree of relationship to the giver of it? By what law of natural justice was the descendant of the eldest son to revel in superfluity, while he, the descendant of the youngest, stood on the brink of ruin? Had it even been left for division between the survivors, both might have been rich; but now—

He rose, pale and agitated, and paced restlessly about the room.

But now was it not evident that this heir was his born foe and despoiler, and had he not the right to hate him? Was not the hand of the desperate man against all men, even from the very beginning? but was it not first raised against those who had wronged him the deepest? William Trefalden was a desperate man. Had he not appropriated that twenty-five thousand pounds paid over to him by Lord Castletowers two years ago for the liquidation of the mortgage, and did not ruin and discovery stare him in the face? Having hazarded name and safety on one terrible die known only to himself, should he now hesitate to declare war upon his enemy, who was the possessor of millions?

He smiled a strange smile of power and defiance, and ran his finger along the black lines on the map. From Dover to Calais—from Calais, by train, to Basle—Basle to Zurich—Zurich to Chur. At Chur the railways terminate. It could not be far beyond Chur where these emigrant Trefaldens dwelt. It would take him three days to get there, perhaps three and a half—perhaps four. He would start to-morrow.

His decision once taken William Trefalden became in a moment cool and methodical as ever. All trace of excitement vanished from his face, as a breath clears from the surface of a mirror. He thrust the Bradshaw in his pocket, scribbled a hasty note to his head clerk, carefully burned the ciphered blotting-paper in the flame of the candle, and watched it expire among the dead ashes in the fire-place; locked his desk; tried the fastenings of the safe; glanced at the clock, and prepared to be gone.

"A quarter to seven already!" exclaimed he, as he unlocked the door. "I shall be late to-night!"

He had spoken aloud, believing himself alone, but stopped at the sight of Mr. Keckwitch, busily writing.

"You here, Keckwitch!" he said, frowning. "I told you you might go."

"You did, Sir," replied the scribe, placidly; "but there was Heywood and Bennett's deed of partnership to be drawn up, so I would not take advantage of your kindness."

Trefalden bit his lip.

"I had just written a line to you," he said, "to let you know that I am going out of town for a fortnight. Forward all letters marked private."

"Where to, Sir?"

"You will find the address here."

And Mr. Trefalden tossed the note down upon the clerk's desk and turned toward the door.

"Glad you're going to allow yourself a little pleasure for once, Sir," observed Mr. Keckwitch, without the faintest gleam of surprise or curiosity on his impassive countenance. "Begging pardon for the liberty."

His employer hesitated for an instant before replying.

"Thank you," he said, "but pleasure is not my object. I go to visit a relation whom I have neglected too long. Good-night."

With this he passed from the room and went slowly down the stairs. In the passage he paused to listen; and when in the street stepped out into the middle of the thoroughfare to look up at the windows.

"Strange!" muttered he; "but I never suspected that fellow so strongly as I do to-night!"

He then glanced right and left, buttoned his coat across his chest—for the March wind blew keenly—and walked briskly up the lane in the direction of Holborn. As he neared the top of the street, close to its junction with the great thoroughfare, a thought struck him, and he flung himself back, by a rapid movement, into the recess of an old-fashioned doorway. There was no lamp within several yards. The doorway was dark and deep as a sentry-box. There, with eager ear and bated breath, he waited.

Presently, apart from the deep hum of traffic close by, he heard a footstep coming up—a footstep so light and swift that at first he thought he must be mistaken. Then his practiced ear detected a laboring wheeze in the breath of the runner.

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated he, poised his right arm, set his teeth, and stood ready for a spring.

The signals of distress grew more distinct, the step slackened, ceased, drew near again, and Mr. Abel Keckwitch, panting and bewildered, made his appearance just opposite the doorway, evidently baffled by the disappearance of its occupant.

He was not long left in doubt. Swift as a panther William Trefalden swooped down upon his man, and dealt him a short, powerful blow that sent him reeling, pale and giddy, against the wall. It was surprising what muscles of steel and knuckles of iron lay perdu beneath the white superficies of that supple hand.

"Dog!" said he, fiercely, "do you dare to spy at my heels? This is not the first time I've suspected you; but I advise you to let it be the last time I convict you. Ay, you may scowl, but, by the Heaven above me! if I catch you at this game again you'll repent it to your dying day. There! be thankful that I let you off so cheaply."

And having said this William Trefalden walked coolly away without vouchsafing so much as a glance to a couple of delighted boys who stood watching the performance from the opposite side of the street.

As for Abel Keckwitch, he recovered his breath and his equilibrium as well as he could, though the former was a matter of time, and caused him to sit down ignominiously on the nearest door-step. When at length he was in a condition to retrace his steps he rose, shook his fat fist in a passion of impotent rage, and indulged in a volley of curses, not loud but deep.

"I'll be even with you," gasped he, more huskily than ever. "I'll be even with you, Mr. Trefalden, if I die for it! You've something to hide, but you sha'n't hide it from me. I'll know where you live and what you do with your money. I'll find out the secret of your life before I've done with you, and then let us see which will be master!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

"DISINTERESTEDNESS," says a French traveler, "is not a [illegible] in virtue. In a poor country money is the first necessity. Beggars swarm in the Pyrenees. I never met a child that did not ask alms, from four years old to fifteen; this is their trade, and nobody is ashamed of it." The same writer gives an amusing instance of their dexterity "*in shearing an egg.*" A friend of his desired the servant to sew a button on to his trowsers. In the evening she entered the room, pantaloons in hand, and said, with an undecided, anxious manner, as if she feared her demand would be disputed, "*C'est un sou.*" The master, without speaking, took a sou from his waistcoat pocket and laid it on the table. Jeannette went on tip-toe to the door, recollected herself, came back, took the trowsers and showed the button. "Ah! it is a beautiful button! (A pause.) I had not one in my box. (Another longer pause.) I bought that one at the grocer's—*c'est un sou!*" She looked up with anxiety; the owner of the pantaloons, still without speaking, laid on the table a second sou. It was clear there was a mine of sous in that quarter. Jeannette went out, and a moment afterward reopened the door; she had settled her plans, and with a shrill, piercing voice, and wonderful volubility, she cried, "I had no thread. I was obliged to buy thread. I used a great deal of thread; it was very good thread. The button will not come off again, I sewed it on strongly. *C'est un sou.*" The master pushed toward her a third sou. Two hours after Jeannette, who has reflected on the subject, reappears. She prepares breakfast with minutious care, wipes up the slightest slops, softens her voice, walks gently, and is most ostentatiously attentive; then she says, in the most obsequious and winning manner possible, "I must not lose—you would not wish me to lose; the stuff was hard, I broke the point of my needle. I did not know it before, I have only just seen it. *C'est un sou.*"

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—A Persian poet gives us the following instruction upon this important subject: "When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

A FRENCH actress, whose youth and beauty appeared inexhaustible—on the boards—never would tell her age. Of course the more she wouldn't tell it the more curious people were to know it. A woman can't keep a secret! She kept *that*. By good luck, as the multitude thought, she was summoned as a witness on a trial. The gossips rubbed their hands and chuckled. "Aha! we shall know it now. She must tell, or go to prison for contempt of court. She won't go to prison; she *will*, therefore, tell."

The court was crowded with open-eared listeners. In French courts of justice the witness does not stand in a box to give evidence, b[illegible] a stool in the middle of the floor of the court, i[illegible] the president's desk, and with no barrier or sepa[illegible]en it and himself.

The lady was ushered in, r[illegible]er right hand to heaven, took the oath to speak the truth, and then seated herself on the witness-stool.

"Your name?" asked the President.

"Angélique Toujoursfleurie."

"Your profession?"

"Artiste dramatique."

"Your age?"

You might have heard a pin drop, or the hair grow on the by-standers' heads. Every eye was bent on the lady. She was driven into a corner at last!

Foolish Parisian public to think so! Angélique simply rose from her seat, walked straight up to the president's desk, and whispered the secret in his ear. He nodded, made the entry in his private notes, and smiling, continued the rest of his interrogatory as soon as she had resumed her place on the sellette.

The public retired with feelings of mingled disgust and admiration. The trial had lost all further interest; and the president was known to be a man of honor and gallantry, who would never let a pretty woman's cat escape from his presidential bag.

ITALIAN DISHES.—There are two dishes so greatly relished by the Romans that we verily believe they would eat of them until absolutely surfeited. The one is a soup called capelletto—literally small hats—in which float, as the name implies, diminutive hats made of paste moulded into the form of a hat and filled with spiced meats; the other, the orthodox and indigenous macaroni, which, dressed in various ways, is always a favorite *bonne bouche* among Italians. The justice done by a Roman family gathered round their dishes, for the soup in question may be so called, is a sight which does not tend to increase our admiration of, at all events, young, handsome ladies. "Unless you eat largely you can not be well," is a common remark among Romans; and we have even heard the death of a lady attributed to insufficient eating. Eating enormously is the rule, and not the exception, in Rome, among the Romans; nor did it appear to us that any thing came amiss to them.

FRENCH HONEY.—A great portion of the immense quantity of honey consumed in France is supplied from the island of Corsica, and from Brittany. Corsica produced so much wax in ancient times that the Romans imposed on it an annual tribute of 100,000 pounds' weight. Subsequently the inhabitants revolted, and they were punished by the tribute being raised to 200,000 pounds' weight annually, which they were able to supply. Wax is to honey in Corsica as one to fifteen, so that the inhabitants must have gathered 3,000,000 kilogrammes of honey. When Corsica became a dependency of the Papal Court it paid its taxes in wax, and the quantity was sufficient to supply the consumption not only of the churches in the city of Rome, but of those in the Papal States. Brittany likewise supplies a great quantity of honey, but of inferior quality to that of Corsica. The annual value of the honey and wax produced in that province is estimated at 5,000,000 francs.

"HE'LL NEVER SET THE TEMSE ON FIRE."—Many years ago, before machinery was introduced into flour-mills for the purpose of sifting the flour, it was the custom of the miller to send it home unsifted. The process of sifting was done thus, but principally in Yorkshire: The "temse," or sieve, which was provided with a rim which projected from the bottom of it, was worked over the mouth of the barrel into which the flour or meal was sifted. An active fellow, who worked hard, not unfrequently set the rim of the "temse" on fire by force of friction against the rim of the flour-barrel; so that, in fact, this department of domestic employment became a standard by which to test a man's will or capacity to work hard; and thus of a lazy fellow, or one deficient in strength, it was said, "*He* will never set the temse on fire." The long misuse of the word temse for sieve, as well as the superseding of hand labor by machinery in this particular species of work, may possibly have tended to the substitution of sound for sense in such phrases as "He will never set the *Thames* on fire," the Mersey on fire, or any other river.

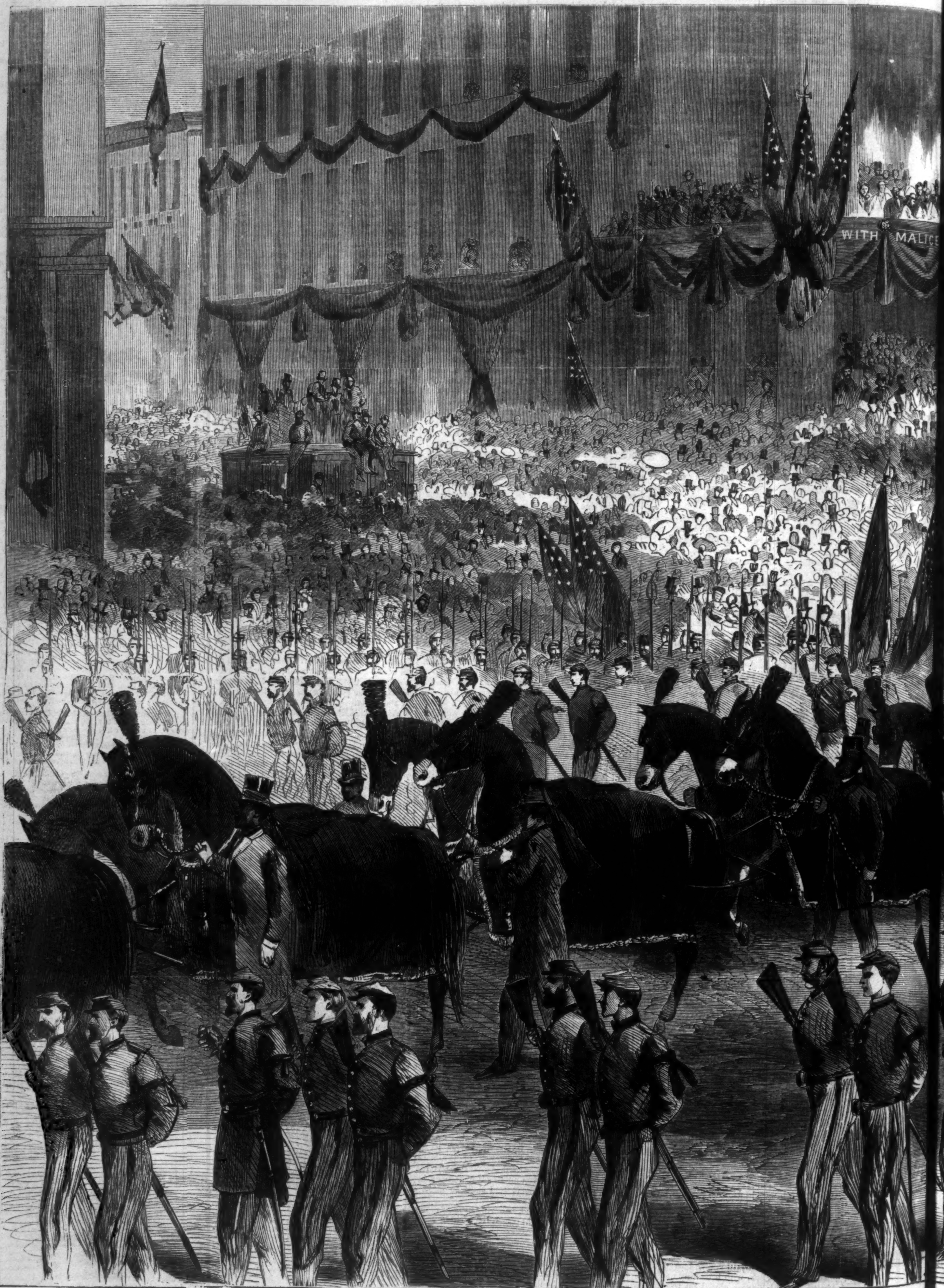
A MARRIAGE took place recently in Paris, and the bridegroom, being unable to write, affixed his mark; the bride, who could write well, signed in a similar manner. The bridesmaid, a former school-fellow of the bride, having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied: "Would you have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence myself teaching him to read and write."

NEVER try to correct age with youthful dress. Learn to dress in what is essentially a "becoming" way; ay, and learn it not merely as a civilized, sensible lesson, but as one which is nearer to the essence of Christianity than we might at first suppose. The fitness of things rests ultimately in the will of God. Whatever we do, whether we eat, drink—and why not add dress?—let us do all so as not to dishonor him. Yet how many distort or disguise his handiwork, and the changes which he has caused in this tabernacle of flesh in which we live! Let all things be done decently and in order: roses for the June of life, snow for its December; white for its spring, russet for its autumn; one beauty and one dress for the blossom, and another for the fruit.

THE great caricaturists of the latter days of the Georges all came to gloomy ends. They who knew so well how to make all the rest of the world laugh were themselves the victims of distress and trouble. Rowlandson died in poverty, Hogarth died of a broken heart, caused by attacks upon him by Wilkes and Churchill, and Gillray, the most genial of humorists, committed suicide in a fit of melancholy.

To talk well, and to write well, are quite distinct accomplishments, although they are sometimes found united to a high degree in the same individual. Often, however, it is quite otherwise. Poor Goldsmith occurs as a familiar example. The observations he let fall in company with his literary colleagues were so notoriously flat and pointless as to provoke the remark that he "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Other great talkers, famous wits, have written so little that their reputation rests on bon-mots and anecdotes recorded by others. But even when a great talker is also a great writer, it is rarely through his own "Remains" that we appreciate his conversational abilities. We owe that privilege to the bands of camp-followers who pick clean the bones of deceased celebrities. Johnson's reputation, in this respect, owes more to Boswell than it did to himself. The unreported talker shares the fate of the singer; after his departure from the scene his fame remains a matter of faith and tradition which people believe in because their fathers have told them so, but the proof of which is forever silenced.

THE camel and the dromedary may be studied to the greatest advantage in Egypt, Arabia, and part of Asia Minor. In those countries there is no animal so useful as the camel, and nowhere is there a more beautiful object than the dromedary, when saddled and covered with its fantastic trappings. The latter is not a creature with two humps, such as the Bactrian camel is supposed to be, but an animal of the same kind as the camel, of more slender proportions, and exclusively used for riding. The camel, on the contrary, is a large and powerful creature, used for carrying heavy burdens. The dromedary may be appropriately compared to the race-horse, the camel to the draught-horse. The most beautiful dromedaries belong generally to the pachas and men of wealth. They are then well fed and kept thoroughly clean, and they have been known to run from sunrise to sunset, with little or no rest. Draught-camels are frequently joined together in a line, the head of one being attached to the tail of the one before it. Twenty or more thus joined together may often be seen crossing the desert, laden with merchandise and other burdens. The time for herding camels is in the months of February and March. During this season they are both vicious and dangerous, biting even their own masters, and not letting go their hold unless some one is at hand to beat them off.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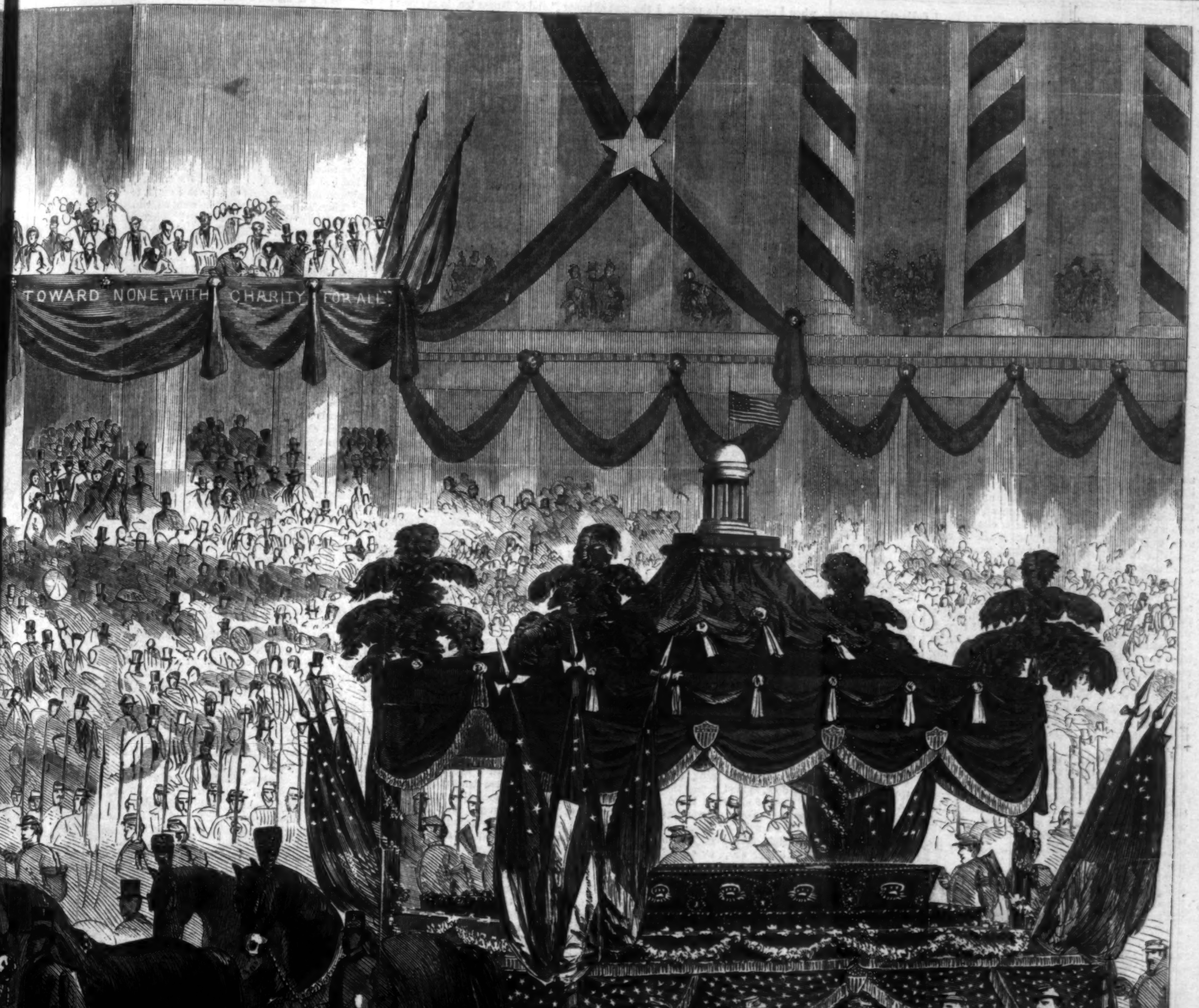

TOWARD NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL

NEW YORK CITY.—[Photographed by Brady.]

BABY IS KING.

A ROSE-CURTAINED cradle, where, nestled within
Soft cambric and flannel, lie pounds seventeen,
Is the throne of a tyrant—that pink little thing
Is an autocrat august, for Baby is King.

Good, solemn grandfather dares hardly to speak
Or walk, lest the sleeper should hear his boots creak.
Grandma is a martyr, in habits and cap,
Which the monarch unsettles as well as her nap.

Papa, wise and mighty, just home from the House,
Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a mouse,
To stare at the bundle; then outward he goes,
Like an elephant trying to walk on its toes.

The queen of the ball-room throws loyally down
Before him the roses she wore in her crown,
And sings little love-songs of how she loves best
The fair baby blossom she rocks on her breast.

Good aunties and cousins before him bow low,
Though he rumples the ringlets, twists collar and bow;
He bids the nurse walk with his majesty's self,
And cries when she stops like a merciless elf.

He flings right and left his saucy fat fist,
And then the next moment expects to be kissed.
He demands people's watches to batter about,
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then, failing to conquer, with passionate cry
He quivers his lips, keeps a tear in his eye;
And so wins the battle, this wise little thing,
He knows the world over that Baby is King.

A DINNER BY MISTAKE.

"ONLY ten dollars a week, Sir, and no extras; and I may say you won't find such cheap, airy lodgings any where else in the place, not to speak of the sea-view;" and the bustling landlady threw open the door of a cozy, sunny little apartment, with just such a view of the sea, and of nothing else whatsoever, as is the delight of an inland heart. I was revolving in my mind how to make terms on one most important point, when she again broke forth: "I can assure you, Sir, I could have let these same rooms again and again in the last two days if I had not given my promise to Mrs. Johnson that she should have them next Friday fortnight, and I would never go from my word, Sir—never! though this month is our harvest, and it's hard for me to have the rooms standing empty. As I told my niece only yesterday, I won't let forward again, not to please any body, for it don't answer, and it worrits me out of my life. And I'm sure, Sir, if you like to come for the fortnight, I'll do my utmost to make you comfortable; and I always have given satisfaction; and you could not get nicer rooms nowhere."

"No," said I, taking advantage of her pause for breath; "these are very nice. I—I suppose you don't object to smoking?"

The good woman's face assumed a severe expression, though I detected a comical twinkle in her eye. "Why, Sir, we always do say—but if it's only a cigar, and not one of them nasty pipes—"

I smiled. "To tell the truth, it generally is a pipe."

"Is it now? Well, Sir, if *you* please, we won't say any thing about it now. We have a lady-lodger up stairs, and if she should complain I can but say that it is against my rules, and that I'll mention it to you. And so, Sir, if you please, I'll go now and see to your portmanteau being taken up;" and thereupon she vanished, leaving me in sole possession.

I had been out for the whole of one windy afternoon [illegible] on the waves, watching the lobster-fishing, and [illegible] sunset tolerably drenched with spray and with a [illegible] appetite. As I opened the door of my little sitting-room I beheld—most welcome sight—the white dinner-cloth, and lying upon it a card—a large, highly-glazed, most unmistakable visiting-card. With eager curiosity I snatched it up, but curiosity changed to amazement when I read the name, "Philip Hetherton, Grantham." Philip Hetherton! Why, in the name of all that's incomprehensible, should he call on me? I had never even heard his name; I knew no more of him than of the man in the moon. My impatience could not be restrained till Mrs. Plumb's natural arrival with the chops; and an energetic pull at the bell brought her at once courtesying and smiling.

"I suppose," began I, holding the card with assumed carelessness between my finger and thumb—"I suppose this gentleman, Mr. Philip Hetherton, called here to-day?"

"Oh yes, Sir, this afternoon; not an hour ago."

"He inquired for me?"

"Yes, Sir; he asked particularly for young Mr. Olifant, and said he was very sorry to miss you. He's a very pleasant-spoken gentleman."

"Ah, I see. Is he often in Linbeach? Does he know many people living in the place?"

"Well, I don't think he has many friends here, Sir; at least I never understood so; but he owns some of the houses in the town, and he is very kind to the poor. No one is ever turned away empty-handed from his door."

"Does he see any thing of the visitors?"

"Not to my knowledge, Sir. He sometimes rides in of an afternoon, for Grantham is only four miles from Linbeach; but I don't think he ever stays long."

So it was not apparently an eccentric instance of universal friendliness, but a special mark of honor paid to me. It grew more and more mysterious. However, there was nothing to be gained by pumping Mrs. Plumb further; and as I was discreetly minded to keep my own counsel, I dismissed her. But meditating long and deeply over my solitary dinner, I came at length to the unwelcome conclusion that Mr. Philip Hetherton must have been laboring under some strange delusion, and that I should see and hear no more of him. I was rather in the habit of priding myself on my judgment and discrimination; but in this instance they were certainly at fault, for within three days I met him face to face. I was strolling slowly along one of the shady country lanes which led inland between corn-fields and hedgerows, when I encountered a portly, gray-haired gentleman, mounted on an iron-gray horse, and trotting soberly toward Linbeach. He surveyed me inquisitively out of his merry blue eyes. Returning, I had scarcely stepped into Mrs. Plumb's passage, when that personage herself met me, open-mouthed, with a pencil-note in her hand. "Oh, Mr. Olifant, I wish you had come in rather sooner! Mr. Hetherton has been here again, and as he could not see you he wrote this note, for he had not time to wait. I was quite vexed that it should happen so."

Evidently the good woman was fully impressed with the dignity of the event, and not a little flattered at the honor paid to her lodger. I opened the note, and it contained—O marvel of marvels!—an invitation to dinner for the following day, coupled with many warm expressions of regard for my family, and regrets at having been hitherto unable to see me.

"I told him that I thought you had only gone down to the beach, Sir; but he laughed, and said he should not know you if he met you. I suppose you don't know *him*, do you, Sir?" Mrs. Plumb added, insinuatingly.

"No," said I, thinking within myself that he need not have been quite so communicative. However, this confession of his threw some light upon the subject, and suggested a solution. He might have known my father or mother. Of course, indeed, he must have known them, or somebody belonging to me. His own apparent confidence began to infect me, and I wrote off an elaborate and gracefully-worded acceptance; and then sat [illegible] my pipe and a complacent contemplation of [illegible] benefits that might accrue to me through [illegible] most praiseworthy cordiality. "After all," I reflected, "'tis no matter where one goes; friends are sure to turn up every where;" and thereon arose visions of partridge-shooting in the dewy mornings, to be followed by pleasant little dinners with my host and a bevy of lovely daughters. But on the morrow certain misgivings revisited me, and I came to the conclusion that it would only be the civil thing to ride over to Grantham in the afternoon, and get through the first introductions and explanations before appearing there as a guest. Accordingly I hired a long-legged, broken-winded hack, the only one to be got for love or money, and set forth upon my way. It was a fruitless journey; the fatal "Not at home" greeted my ears, and I could only drop a card, turn the Roman nose of my gallant steed toward home, and resign myself to my fate.

Seven o'clock was the hour named for dinner, and I had intended to be particularly punctual, but misfortunes crowded thick upon me. The first white tie that came to hand was a miserable failure. My favorite curl would not be adjusted becomingly upon my brow; and the wretched donkey-boy who had solemnly promised to bring the carriage punctually to the door, did not appear till ten minutes after time. Last of all, when I had descended, "got up" to perfection, and was on the point of starting, I discovered that I was minus gloves, and the little maid-of-all-work had to be sent fleeing off to the corner shop, where haberdashery and grocery were picturesquely combined. So it fell out that, despite hard driving, it was several minutes past the hour when we drew up under the portico at Grantham. I had no time to compose my nerves or prepare my opening address. Before I fully realized my position, I stood in a brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, full of people, and heard my name proclaimed in stentorian tones. The next moment the florid gentleman whom I had encountered on the previous day came forward with outstretched hands and a beaming face, and a perfect torrent of welcomes burst upon me.

"Glad to see you at last, Mr. Olifant, very glad to see you; I began to think there was a fate against our meeting. Let me introduce you. Mrs. Hetherton—my daughter—my son Fred. Come this way, this way."

And I was hurried along helpless as an infant in the jovial gentleman's hands. How could I—I appeal to any reasonable being—how could I stand stock-still and under the eyes of all that company cross-examine my host as to the why and wherefore of his hospitality? It will be owned, I think, that in what afterward occurred I was not wholly to blame. Mrs. Hetherton was a quiet, well-bred woman, with a mild face and soft voice; she greeted me with a certain sleepy warmth, and after a few placid commonplaces resumed her conversation with the elderly lady by her side, and left me to the care of her son, with whom I speedily made friends. Really it was very pleasant to drop in this way into the centre of a genial circle, and I found my spirits rising fast as we talked together. A fresh arrival, however, soon disturbed the party, and directly afterward dinner was announced. Mr. Hetherton, who had been busily engaged in welcoming the last-comers, led off a stately dame upon his arm, and we followed in procession, a demure young daughter of the house being assigned to me. We were slowly making our way round the dining-room, when, just as we passed the end of the table, Mr. Hetherton turned and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"I have scarcely had time for a word yet," he said; "but how are they all in Berkshire?"

I don't know what answer I gave; some one from behind begged leave to pass, and I was borne on, utterly bewildered. Berkshire! what had I to do with Berkshire? And then, all at once, the appalling truth burst on me like a thunder-clap—I was the wrong man! Yes; *now* I recalled a certain Captain Olifant, whom I had once met at a mess-dinner, and who, as I had then heard, belonged to Berkshire. We could count no sort of kinship with them; but here I was, for some inexplicable reason, assumed as one of them, perhaps as the heir, and regaled accordingly. My situation was sufficiently unpleasant, and in the first impulse of dismay I made a dash at a central seat where I might be as far as possible from both host and hostess. But my manœuvre failed. Mrs. Hetherton's soft tones were all too audible as she said: "Mr. Olifant, perhaps you will come up here; the post of honor;" and of danger too, in my case; but there was no help for it, and I went. As I unfolded my napkin, striving hard for a cool and easy demeanor, I mentally surveyed my position, and decided on my tactics. I could not and would not there and then declare myself an embodied mistake; I must trust to chance and my own wits to carry me through the evening, and leave my explanations for another season. Alas! my trials full soon began. We had hardly been seated three minutes when Mrs. Hetherton turned to me.

"We were so very glad you were able to come to-night, Mr. Olifant; Mr. Hetherton had quite set his heart upon seeing you here. It is such a great pleasure to him to revive an old friendship; and he was saying that he had almost lost sight of your family."

I murmured something not very coherent about distance and active life.

"Ah yes, country gentlemen have so much to do that they really are greatly tied at home. I think, though, that I once had the pleasure of meeting a sister of yours in town—Margaret her name was, and she was suffering from some affection of the spine. I hope she is better now?"

"Much better, thank you." And then, in the faint hope of turning the conversation, I asked if they were often in town.

"Not so often as I should wish. Mr. Hetherton has a great dislike to the city; but I always enjoy it, for one meets every body there. By-the-by, Mr. Olifant, the Fordes must be near neighbors of yours."

I did not dare to say they were not, lest inquiries should follow which might betray my extreme ignorance of Berkshire geography; so I chose the lesser peril, and answered cheerfully: "Oh yes, quite near—within an easy walk of us."

"What charming people they are!" said Mrs. Hetherton, growing almost enthusiastic. "The two eldest girls were staying here last spring, and we all lost our hearts to them, they were so bright and pleasant; and Katie, too, is growing so very pretty. She is not out yet, is she?"

"No; I fancy she is to be presented next year," I responded, reflecting that while I was about it I might as well do it thoroughly. "She ought to make a sensation."

"Ah, then," said Mrs. Hetherton, eagerly, "you agree with me about her beauty."

"Oh, entirely. I expect she will be quite the belle of our country balls." And then, in the same breath, I turned to the shy Miss Hetherton beside me, and startled her by an abrupt inquiry whether she liked balls. She must have thought, at any rate, that I liked talking, for her timid, orthodox reply was scarcely uttered before I plied her with fresh questions, and deluged her with a flood of varied eloquence. For why? Was I not aware that Mrs. Hetherton's conversation with the solemn old deacon opposite flagged from time to time, and that, at every lull, she looked toward me as though concocting fresh means of torture. But I gained the day; and at length, with secret exultation, watched the ladies slowly defiling from the room. Poor innocent! I little knew what was impending. The last voluminous skirt had scarce disappeared when Mr. Hetherton left his chair, and, advancing up the table, glass in hand, seated himself in his wife's place at my elbow. I tried to believe that he might intend to devote himself to the deacon, but that good gentleman was more than half inclined to nod, and my left-hand neighbor was deep in a geological discussion; so I sat on, spell-bound, like the sparrow beneath the awful shadow of the hawk. Certainly there was not much outward resemblance between that bird of prey and Mr. Hetherton's comely, smiling visage, as he leaned forward, and said, cheerily: "Well, now, I want to hear all about them."

It was not an encouraging beginning for me, but I had committed myself with Mrs. Hetherton too far for a retreat. Like Cortéz, I had burned my ships. Before I had framed my answer Mr. Hetherton proceeded: "I don't know any of you young ones, but your father and I were fast friends once upon a time. Many's the lark we've had together at college; for he was a wild-spirited fellow then, was Harry Olifant, though, I dare say, he has settled down into a sober country squire long ago."

It was plain that Mr. Hetherton liked to hear himself talk, and my courage revived.

"Why, yes," I said; "years and cares do work great changes in most men; I dare say you would hardly know him now."

"I dare say not. But he is well, and as good a shot as in the old days?"

"Just as good. He is never happier than among his turnips." And then I shuddered at my own audacity, as I pictured my veritable parent, a hard-working lawyer, long since dead, and with about as much notion of firing a gun as one of his own briefs.

"Quite right, quite right," exclaimed Mr. Hetherton, energetically; "and we can find you some fair sport here, my boy, though the birds are wild this year. Come over as often as you like while you are at Linbeach; or, better still, come and stay here."

I thanked him, and explained that I was staying at Linbeach for the sea-air, and that I must be in town in a few days.

"I'm sorry for that. We ought to have found you out sooner; but I only chanced to see your name at the library last Friday. And so you are at Yale?"

"Yes, I'm at Yale," said I, feeling it quite refreshing to speak the truth.

"Ah, I'm glad your father's stuck to the old college; you could not be at a better one. That boy of mine is wild for soldiering, or I should have sent him there."

The mystery stood revealed. I had recorded my name on the visitor's board as H. Olifant, Yale College; and, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Hetherton's former friend had belonged to the same college, and owned the same initial. The coincidence was indeed so complete that it had evidently never dawned upon Mr. Hetherton that I could be other than the son of his old chum. He sat now sipping his wine with almost a sad expression on his honest face.

"Ah, my lad," he said, presently, "when you come to my age you'll look back to your old college and your old friends as I do now. But what was I going to ask you? Oh, I remember. Have you seen any of the Fordes lately?"

I glanced round despairingly at the geologists, but they were lost to every thing except blue lias and old red sandstone, and there was no hope of effecting a diversion in that quarter.

"Well, no—not very lately," I responded, slowly, as though trying to recall the exact date when I last had that felicity. "To tell the truth, I don't go down into those parts so often as I ought to do."

"There's a family for you!" he went on, triumphantly; "how well they are doing! That young George Forde will distinguish himself one of these days, or I'm much mistaken; and Willie too. I never knew such clever lads; and as for beauty—that little Katie—" But here the slumbering deacon came to my aid by waking up with a terrific start and a loud "Eh!—what! time to join the ladies."

There was a general stir, and I contrived to make my escape to the drawing-room. If I could only have escaped altogether; but it was not yet half past nine. I felt convinced that if I pleaded illness Mr. Hetherton would lay violent hands on me, and insist on my spending the night there. After all, the worst was over, and in the crowded drawing-room I might with slight dexterity avoid all shoals and quicksands. So I ensconced myself in a low chair, guarded by a big table on one side, and on the other by a comfortable motherly-looking woman in crimson satin, to whom I made myself agreeable. We got on very well together, and I breathed and chatted freely in the delightful persuasion that she at least knew no more of the Fordes than I did. But my malignant star was in the ascendant. I was in the midst of a glowing description of the charms of a reading-party at the Lakes, when Mr. Hetherton again assailed me: "Well, Mrs. Sullivan," he said, addressing my companion, "have you been asking after your little favorite?"

"My little favorite?" inquired Mrs. Sullivan.

She did not know who he meant, but *I* did; I knew quite well.

"Katie Forde, I mean; the little black-eyed girl who used to go into such ecstasies over your roses and ferns—you have not forgotten her yet, have you?"

No, unluckily for me, Mrs. Sullivan had not forgotten her. I was charged with a string of the fond unmeaning messages which ladies love to exchange; and it was only by emphatically declaring that I should not be in Berkshire for many months that I escaped being made the bearer of sundry curious roots and bulbs to the fair Katharine.

But Mr. Hetherton soon interrupted us. "There's a cousin of yours in the next room, Mr. Olifant," he said, evidently thinking that he was making a most agreeable announcement; "she would like to see you, if you will let me take you to her."

I heard and trembled. A cousin. Oh, the Fordes were nothing to this! Why did people have cousins; and why, oh! why, should every imaginable evil befall me on this disastrous evening? Such were my agonized reflections while, with unwilling steps, I followed my host to execution. He led me to a young lady who was serenely examining some prints. "I have brought him to you, Miss Hunter; your cousin, Mr. Olifant."

She looked at me, but there was no recognition in her eyes. How could there be, indeed, when we had never met before! What would she do next? What she *did* do was to hold out her hand with a good-humored smile, and at the same time Mr. Hetherton observed complacently: "You don't know one another, you know." Not know one another; of course we didn't; but I could have hugged him for telling me so; and in the joy of my reprieve I devoted myself readily to my supposed cousin, a bright, pleasant girl, happily as benighted regarding her real relatives as I was about my imaginary ones. The minutes slipped fast away, the hands of the clock pointed at ten, the guests were beginning to depart, and I was congratulating myself that the ordeal was safely passed, when, happening to turn my head, I saw Mr. Hetherton once more advancing upon me, holding in his hand a photograph book. My doom was sealed! My relentless persecutor was resolved to expose me, and with diabolical craft had planned the certain means. Horrible visions of public disgrace, forcible ejection, nay, even of the pump itself, floated before my dizzy brain, while on he came nearer and ever nearer. "There!" he exclaimed, stopping just in front of me, and holding out the ill-omened book—"there! you can tell me who that is, can't you?"

It was a baby—a baby of a year old, sitting on a cushion, with a rattle in its hand, and it was, of course, unlike any creature I had ever beheld. "Hm, haw," murmured I, contemplating it in utter desperation; "children are so much alike that really—but"— as a brilliant idea suddenly flashed on me—"surely it must be a Forde!"

"Of course it is," and Mr. Hertherton clapped me on the back in a transport of delight. "I thought you would recognize it. Capital! isn't it? The little thing must be exactly like its mother; and I fancy I see a look of Willie in it too."

I could endure no more. Another such victory would be almost worse than a defeat; and while "my cousin" was rhapsodizing over the infantine charms so touchingly portrayed, I started up, took an abrupt farewell of my host, and, despite his vehement remonstrances, went off in search of Mrs. Hetherton, and beat a successful retreat. As I stepped out into the portico the pony-trap which I had ordered drove up to the door, and jumping in, I rattled away toward Linbeach, exhausted in body and mind, yet relieved to feel that each succeeding moment found me further and further from the precincts of Grantham.

I might have stolen off from Linbeach undiscovered, but I dismissed the notion instantly. I had gone far enough already—too far. Mr. Hetherton might not unnaturally think. No; I must write to him, and it had best be done at once. I wound up my epistle with the following eloquent and dignified words: "I can have no claim whatever to continue an acquaintance so formed, and I can only tender my grateful thanks for the warm hospitality of which I have accidentally been the recipient." The letter was sealed and sent, and I was left to speculate how it might be received. Would Mr. Hetherton vouchsafe a reply, or would he treat me with silent contempt? I could fancy him capable of a very tolerable degree of anger, in spite of his *bonhomie*, and I blushed up to my brows when I pictured quiet Mrs. Hetherton recalling my remarks about Miss Katie Forde. The second day's post came in and brought me nothing; and now I began to be seized with a nervous dread of encountering any of the Grantham party by chance, and this dread grew so unpleasant that I determined to cut short my visit and return to town at once. My resolution was no sooner made than acted on. I packed my portmanteau, settled accounts with Mrs. Plumb, and went off to take my place by the next morning's coach. Coming hastily out of the booking-office in the dusk, I almost ran against somebody standing by the door. It was Mr. Hetherton, and I stepped hastily back; but he recognized me at once, and held out his hand with a hearty laugh. "Ah, Mr. Olifant, is it you? I was on my way to your lodgings, so we'll walk together;" and not noticing my confusion, he linked his arm in mine, and continued: "I got your letter last evening, and very much amazed I was, that I must own. I did not answer it at once, for I was half-dead with walking, and, besides, I always like talking better than writing. So now I have come to tell you that I think you've behaved like an honest man and a gentleman in writing that letter; and I'm very glad to have made your acquaintance, though you are not Harry Olifant's son. As for the mistake, why, 'twas my own fault for taking it for granted you must be the man I fancied you. My lady is just the least bit vexed that we should have made such geese of ourselves; but come over to-morrow, and we'll give you a quiet dinner and a bed in your own proper person; and she will be very glad to see you. Mind, I expect you."

After all my resolutions I did go to Grantham on the following day, and my dinner by mistake was the precursor of a most pleasant acquaintance, which became in time a warm and lasting friendship.

THE RED HAT.

On the evening of a dark and rainy day in the month of December, 16—, a solitary horseman, wrapped in a large cloak, might have been seen spurring his jaded steed along the high-road leading from Ruel toward the gloomy and antiquated chateau then the residence of the formidable prime minister of Louis the Thirteenth, Armand du Plessis, Cardinal and Duke of Richelieu. Remember, there was but one cavalier. Add another, and you might think I was borrowing from the lamented G. P. R. James.

This horseman drew bridle and dismounted at the door of an humble little village inn, bearing on its sign-board the effigy of St. Nicholas, and which stood at the entrance to a gloomy avenue of poplars, at the opposite extremity of which was the chateau, and to which it served as a kind of lodge.

The horseman wore a felt-hat without plume, band, or buckle; and his doublet of brown drugget, destitute of either ribbons, lace, or embroidery, was sufficient to indicate, in an age when costume so closely denoted the gradations of rank, that he did not belong to the patrician class; still, from his open and almost defiant countenance and cavalierly turned-up mustache, it was not difficult to pronounce him one of those sturdy and independent burgesses whose fathers had fought in the wars of the League, and who, temporarily kept in subjection by the iron hand of Richelieu, reappeared during the troubles of the Fronde, but were destined to be completely absorbed by the glory of the Grand Monarque.

His horse appeared completely worn out, and the muddy state of his cloak testified to his having come a long distance by bad roads, in an age when all roads were execrable.

"May the plague light on the rogues who are bound to keep the king's highway in repair!" grumbled the traveler, as, tethering his steed to a post, he entered the inn, and proceeded to hammer with the butt-end of his whip upon a long table of coarse deal, which stood in the midst of a low-ceiled smoky common-room.

A fat man, of rotund abdomen and purpled face, clad in the traditional white apron and night-cap, and with a knife stuck in his girdle, for he was cook as well as host, entered the room.

"What might your lordship be pleased to want?" he asked, pulling off his cap, and making a lowly reverence.

"I am no lord, master of mine," replied the traveler, twisting his mustache not without complacency; "but a plain burgess, who owes nothing, and asks for nothing without he can pay for it. I am hungered and athirst. Give me some supper; make up a blazing fire; see to my horse; and I promise you that you shall have no reason to complain of me."

And as he spoke the traveler struck his pocket, which gave forth a metallic chink pleasant to hear.

The purple face of the inn-keeper became one grin.

"We have not one room unoccupied," he said; "but my own private bedroom is at your grandeur's service. My wife shall make up a bed directly. As for the rest, you have but to wait a few minutes, and all your wishes shall be attended to."

Mine host was as good as his word. Ere long the traveler was comfortably stretched in a huge arm-chair, toasting his feet at a blazing fire, to which a couple of logs had been added. He could see through the casement that snow was beginning to fall thickly; he could hear the wintry wind dolefully howling; a soft warm odor from the kitchen began to titillate his nostrils, and he felt as cozy and complacent as men in all countries and ages have felt under similar circumstances.

"Come, this is better," he murmured, with a sigh of relief. "A dog's life is that of a traveler in December. May the black fever choke the Cardinal—"

He bounded in his chair with terror; he was nearly falling into a swoon, as, looking upward, he saw the inn-keeper, night-cap in hand, standing before him.

"'Sdeath, man, what do you want?" he exclaimed, with ill-disguised trepidation.

"I am desirous," returned the other, with apparent embarrassment, "to ask a favor of your excellency."

The imprudent burgess breathed a little more freely after this, for he had expected nothing less than to be at once arrested by an exempt of his terrible eminence the Cardinal.

"Ask what you will, my friend," he responded in a courteous tone.

"Only imagine, your highness," pursued the diplomatic inn-keeper, twisting one of the corners of his apron, "that no sooner had my wife made your room comfortable and tidy for you than another customer arrived. He is an old customer, and a very good customer too, for he only asks how much there is to pay, and allows me to tot up the reckoning. Well, you see, your superiority, that I can't exactly turn him out of doors on such a night as this; so I've just come to ask your grace if you will allow him to share your fire and your supper till bedtime, when I must find him a shake-down somewhere."

"Is he an honest man, this customer of yours?" asked the traveler in a dignified tone.

If it were possible for the deep-tinted face of the inn-keeper to assume an intenser hue, he may be said to have blushed.

"Yes, yes, your excellency," he replied; "he is honest—a very honest man, as honest men go, and in his way of business."

"Tell him, then, that I shall be very pleased with his company, and that he is welcome to half my supper—the best half; and, hark ye, Mr. Landlord, see that it be good, and that the wine is of the right sort."

The inn-keeper was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and in promises of a speedy appearance of excellent cheer; and then he left the room, somewhat precipitately, as the traveler thought, to inform his customer of the result of his mission.

In a minute or so the customer made his appearance. He was a strange customer—a curious customer—and, to tell truth, somewhat of an ugly customer. He was very tall, very thin, had very harshly-marked features, very small gray eyes, whose lids drooped whenever he was looked full in the face, and a pointed beard and mustache coarse and grizzled. His hands were knotted and bony, and of huge size. He was plainly dressed in a doublet, vest, and trunks of gray serge, bordered with black taffeta, and terminated by long boots of untanned leather; but the most noticeable point in his apparel was his hat, which, of the same material as that of the traveler, and, like his, unadorned by feather or buckle, was of a dull crimson color.

"I don't like the look of that Robin Redhead," the traveler bethought himself. "His eminence wears a scarlet hat; but it has tassels and a broad brim. Who ever saw a peaceable citizen in such a bloodstained-looking *couvrechef* as that?"

However, he was an open-hearted burgess; and, rising, held out his hand to the stranger, saying, "Welcome, Sir and friend!"

To his surprise the man with the Red Hat drew back, as though half-alarmed and half-astonished at this simple act of courtesy, and, instead of reciprocating it, contented himself with making a low bow.

"A very ceremonious personage, upon my word," mused the guest. "Perhaps he is a Huguenot; or, just as likely, a Catholic, and thinks I am a heretic. The spotted fever take all religious differences, say I!" Then, raising his voice, he said, "Sir, I am extremely happy to be able to offer you a share of my supper and—"

"A thousand thanks!" hastily interposed he of the Red Hat. Then diving into the recesses of a pouch at his belt, he produced a handful of silver and continued, "Take, I entreat you, what I have to pay as my share of the reckoning."

"Sir, Sir," protested the traveler, drawing himself up, "do you take me for a niggard curmudgeon who expects a stranger to pay for the meal to which he invites him?"

"Invites! Do you mean to say that you invite me?" faltered the Red Hat.

"Of course I do. I told the landlord so," replied the other.

"Then," responded the Red Hat, with a very peculiar and not very pleasant smile, "I accept your invitation as heartily as it was given. This is the first time in my life that such a thing has happened to me. But the sky has fallen, and we may expect to catch roast larks." And he drew a stool up to the fire and began to bask and hug himself in the genial warmth.

Roast larks failed to come down; but a splendid roast goose just then came up, flanked by a hotchpotch of savory ingredients, and two portly pitchers of wine. The strangely-acquainted friends sat down to table and did the amplest justice to the edibles and potables; and so delighted did mine host seem with the appetites of his guests, that he insisted upon standing treat in more than one flask of his choicest vintage.

"No doubt, Sir," the Red Hat remarked, when the landlord had removed the fragments of the repast and they were left alone, "that you are as well known as I am in this hostelry. Goodman Aubry waited on you as though you were a prince."

"Not in the least," replied the burgess, smiling. "But I just sounded my pocket, and he was content with the ring of the little livres Tournois."

His interlocutor smiled grimly in his turn. "Yes," he pursued, "gold has immense power in every country; still it is far from prudent to show the contents of one's pocket to every body, especially in such a place as this."

The burgess looked at him uneasily.

"Do you mean that there are any pickpockets hereabouts, brother?" he asked.

"Do you mean to say that you are not acquainted with the neighborhood?" returned the other, answering one question by asking another.

"Faith, not I. This is my first visit, and I come from a long distance too. I am from La Rochelle."

"From La Rochelle!" and the Red Hat in his turn regarded his new-found friend with perturbed looks; "what on earth brings you from thence?"

"The force of circumstances, my unlucky star, and his eminence the Cardinal. 'Tis a very long story. I have been specially sent for to wait upon his eminence."

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed the Red Hat; "what have you to do with him? Have you offended his eminence?"

"Never, to my knowledge," responded the burgess. "As fate would have it, however, I have been accused of doing so; but my complete justification can be neither long nor difficult. You must know that the Rochellois are very troublesome folks; and that evil-speaking, lying, and slandering are far too common there. Some scurvy wag among our citizens has written an anonymous satire against the administration in general, and Monseigneur the Cardinal in particular. Then there has been a talk about Urbain Grandier, about tragedies and verses written by his eminence, about a certain saraband said to have been danced by him before the queen; a pack of nonsense! Some secret enemy of mine has been good enough to denounce me as the author of these roguish pasquinades—I who never rhymed two lines together in my life. It is a most perverse and treacherous time. To exculpate myself I referred to a certain worthy monk, Father Joseph, who is said to be honored with the friendship and confidence of his eminence. He was fully convinced of my innocence; and subsequently informed me that Monseigneur would deign to grant me an interview; and here I am, deeply flattered by his eminence's condescension, although I should very much prefer being snug at home in my own house at La Rochelle."

"Humph!" quoth the Red Hat; "for my part I think you would have done much better to have remained at home, and left this fool's errand to take care of itself. Cardinals are dangerous personages to have interviews with. But I must be going," he resumed, hastily rising. "Farewell, master of mine! Thanks for your hospitality, and pray Heaven and St. Nicholas that we may never meet again." And so saying the Red Hat abruptly left the room.

"A fool's errand! what can he mean by that?" mused the burgess. "Poor man, he must be cracked. Who but a madman would think of wearing a red hat? However, my little affair will be soon settled—nine o'clock was the hour fixed at which I was to wait upon his eminence. 'Tis not five minutes' walk to the chateau, and then I shall come comfortably home to bed."

Paying his reckoning at the polite request of the host, who hinted that cavaliers who went up to the chateau sometimes found their arrangements for returning at a fixed hour interfered with—a hint which the traveler wholly failed to comprehend—he went out into the night, wrapping his cloak around him to shelter himself from the still falling snow.

He had not proceeded many paces along the sombre avenue of poplars before he thought that he heard the clinking of sword-blades and some smothered groans. He listened attentively; but a sudden gust of wind came howling about him and drowned the sound of the swords.

"It must have been fancy," he reasoned. "That confounded fellow with the red hat has made me nervous. If I were a coward I should dream of him to-night."

"Help! murder!" suddenly cried a lamentable voice close to him.

"Courage, we are here!" cried the brave burgess, drawing his sword and summoning up all his presence of mind. "Hold on, we are four of us, well armed! Ah, rascals, would you!" And he rushed forward in the direction whence the cries had come.

His ruse had seemingly succeeded, for in the obscurity he could dimly descry at least three men making off in all haste, and anon he stumbled over a body lying on the ground. The moon came out for a moment through the murk, and he recognized, pale, bleeding, and groaning, the Red Hat. He seemed to be severely wounded. The burgess helped him to rise, but finding him too weak to walk, valorously hoisted him on his shoulders, and not without difficulty, for the Red Hat weighed heavily, bore him back to the inn of St. Nicholas.

"This pestilent fellow with his red hat," he murmured, as, with the assistance of the landlord, he bore him up stairs and laid him in the bed which had been prepared for quite another purpose, "seems fated to be mixed up with my life. And I shall have to sleep in the arm-chair, forsooth, because he chooses to get waylaid and stabbed."

"Where am I?" faintly whispered the wounded man, when his wounds had been bound up, and he had recovered consciousness.

"Among friends, brother," replied the honest burgess consolingly, as he bathed the temples of the sufferer with vinegar.

"Friends!" repeated the Red Hat bitterly; "I have no friends! Who was at the trouble of saving the life of such a miserable wretch as I am?"

"Well, for the matter of that, 'twas I who picked you out of the mud, and set the rascals to flight who were besetting you. Three to one, the cowardly knaves! How they scampered! And then, you see, I brought you here, pickapack; for walk a step you could not."

"And you—you then are my preserver!" the Red Hat exclaimed in a voice of agony, and pressing the burgess's hand.

"Yes, if you like to call it so. Wouldn't you have done the same for me?"

The inn-keeper was down stairs. The wounded man made signs to the burgess to close the door securely, and to come close to the bedside. Then he put his lips to the burgess's ear, and in a hoarse whiper said,

"Had you not an appointment at nine o'clock this evening with his eminence?"

"Of course I had, and shall get a pretty scolding for being late. But perhaps the existence of a poor devil like me has slipped his eminence's memory?"

"Then," quoth the Red Hat solemnly, "I can give life for life. You have saved mine. I too was bound to wait upon his eminence at nine this night; and I have little doubt that it would have been my dreadful duty to strike your head from your body."

At this appalling intimation the Rochellois, with horror in his countenance, made for the door, thinking the Red Hat to be in a state of delirium; but the other called him back.

"'Tis not I, unfortunate, that thou must fly," he said. "Escape rather from this horrible neighborhood. Listen to what I say. The merciless Cardinal had doubtless condemned you without a hearing; and it would have been my task to execute the sentence; for I—yes, I whose hand you have pressed—I whose life you have saved—I who have eaten and drunk with you—I am the most miserable, the most abandoned, the most accursed of mankind. I am the executioner of Chartres."

He paused for a moment, keenly eying his companion, who, brave and honest as he was, could not banish from his countenance the expression of repugnance he felt at being on familiar terms with the abhorred headsman.

"You may well shun me," continued the Red Hat, gloomily. "But fate has decreed that we must yet have some further communion before we part forever. Every time that his eminence has a deed of secret vengeance to consummate I am summoned to the chateau. At this inn I always alight. The villagers know me and my red hat well, and shudderingly avoid me. They call this inn the House of the Headsman, and sometimes the Devil's Inn."

"I don't wonder at it," muttered the poor Rochellois.

"But fear nothing," continued the Red Hat; "although every thing concurs to point out that you were the person I was sent for to execute, it may be some other victim who awaits my axe. Come, have your horse led forth. I must convey you to a place of safety."

"But you are wounded," urged the Rochellois.

"A mere scratch! with a draught of strong cordial I shall be strong and valid again. Strong enough," he continued, with his ugly smile, "for my work to-night, if work there be. Come, dispatch!"

As, with many groans and murmurs, the lately-wounded man arose, and the two left the chamber, they found the inn-keeper on the staircase. He sought to give them the slip, and had evidently been listening to their conversation.

The Red Hat was accustomed to act promptly. He seized the inn-keeper by the throat, pinned him up in the angle of the stair, and whispered to him:

"Son of a dog, and nephew of a sow! dare to speak one word concerning our conversation, and I denounce thee to the Cardinal for harboring traitors, and thy neck is not worth an hour's purchase! Swear, issue of a mangy swine!"

The inn-keeper, half-terrified out of his wits, swore as he was commanded; but the Red Hat kept his eyes sharply upon him till they were well clear of the Devil's Inn. There was need to employ every precaution; for the lower room was by this time full of a company of arquebusiers, the body-guard of his eminency. The Red Hat watched the commandant of the band draw the host on one side and apparently interrogate him; but his answers seemed perfectly satisfactory, and the two travelers were permitted to depart.

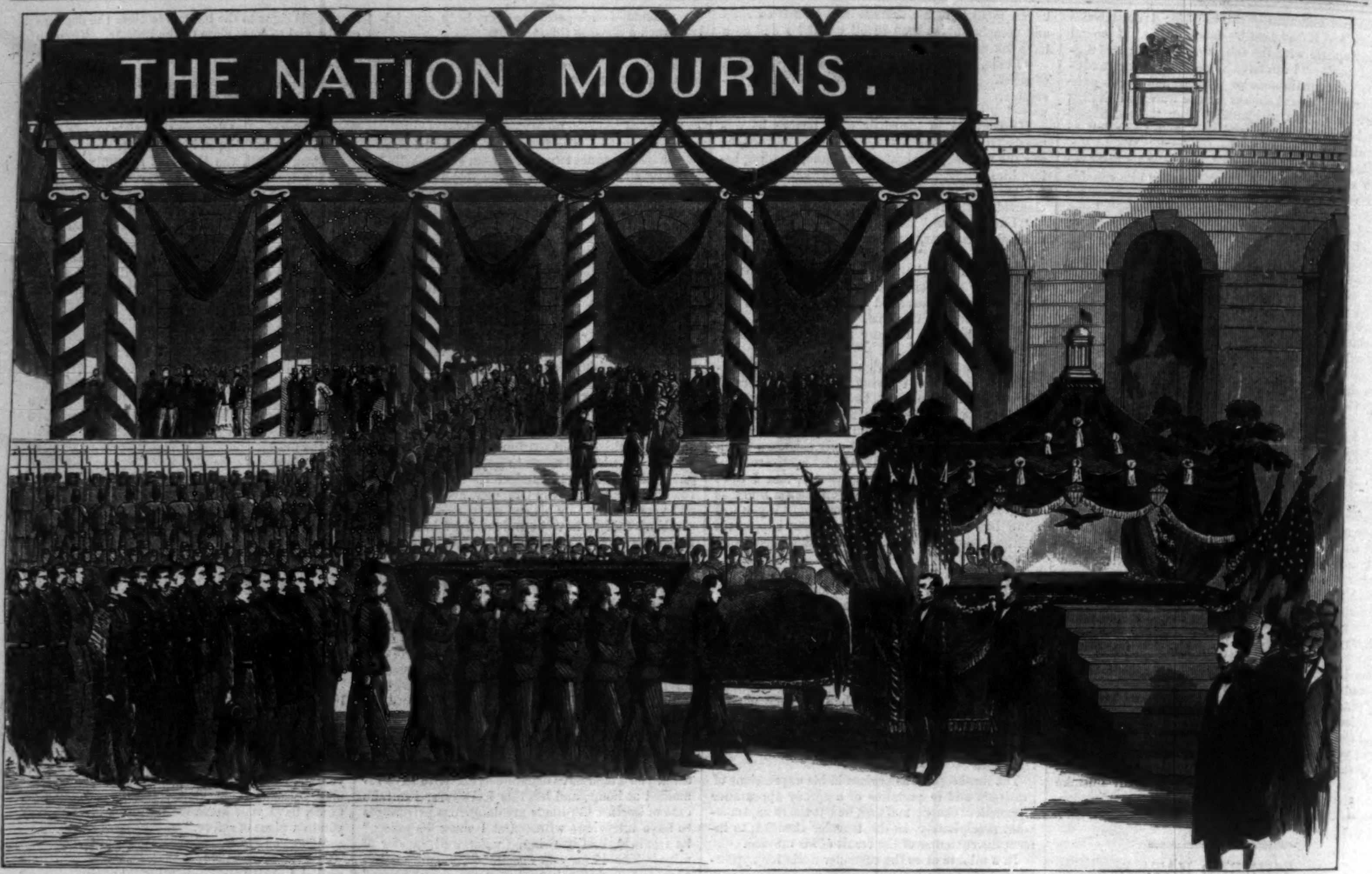
They started at a gallop, and were soon immersed in the forest of Butard, leading toward the Chateau of Ruel.

Suddenly the Red Hat reined in his horse, and pointing out to his preserver the gloomy dwelling of the Cardinal, said:

"Mark well that turret in the centre, high up yonder, with the pointed roof. Mark well that little arched window with grated bars before it. It can only be seen from the place where we now are. In that turret the dreadful decrees of Richelieu—the sentences from which there is no appeal—are executed. When my bloody task is accomplished a trap-door opens, and the headless corpse falls a hundred feet into a vault filled with quicklime. Every trace of the tragedy thus disappears. Remain here for one hour. Keep yourself concealed behind the trunk of this withered elm. If during that hour you see a light glimmering from that arched window, you may assure yourself that I have been summoned not on your account, but on that of some other unhappy victim. In that case you may present yourself without fear before his eminence; for it never happens that I am sent for to ply my hellish trade twice in the same night. *But if during the hour* the light does not appear, you are the destined victim, you are the victim waited for. Clap spurs to your horse, and make the best of your way to the frontier, or you will be captured; and the Lord have mercy on you!"

And so saying, and just interchanging one hearty grip with his friend, the Red Hat rode away. The burgess of La Rochelle never saw him again.

He waited an hour—a year it seemed to him—behind the trunk of the withered elm; *but no light appeared in the little arched window.* He, then, was the wretch condemned to death! With a cold sweat bedewing him, and picturing to himself the arquebusiers of the terrible Cardinal scouring the country in every direction to bind him and lead him to the slaughter, he urged his horse into a gallop, and sped, as though the fiend who was said to be the patron of the inn of St. Nicholas were behind him, in the direction of the northern frontier. He could not quite convince himself that his head was safe upon his shoulders till he found himself, two days afterward, at Huy, in Flanders.

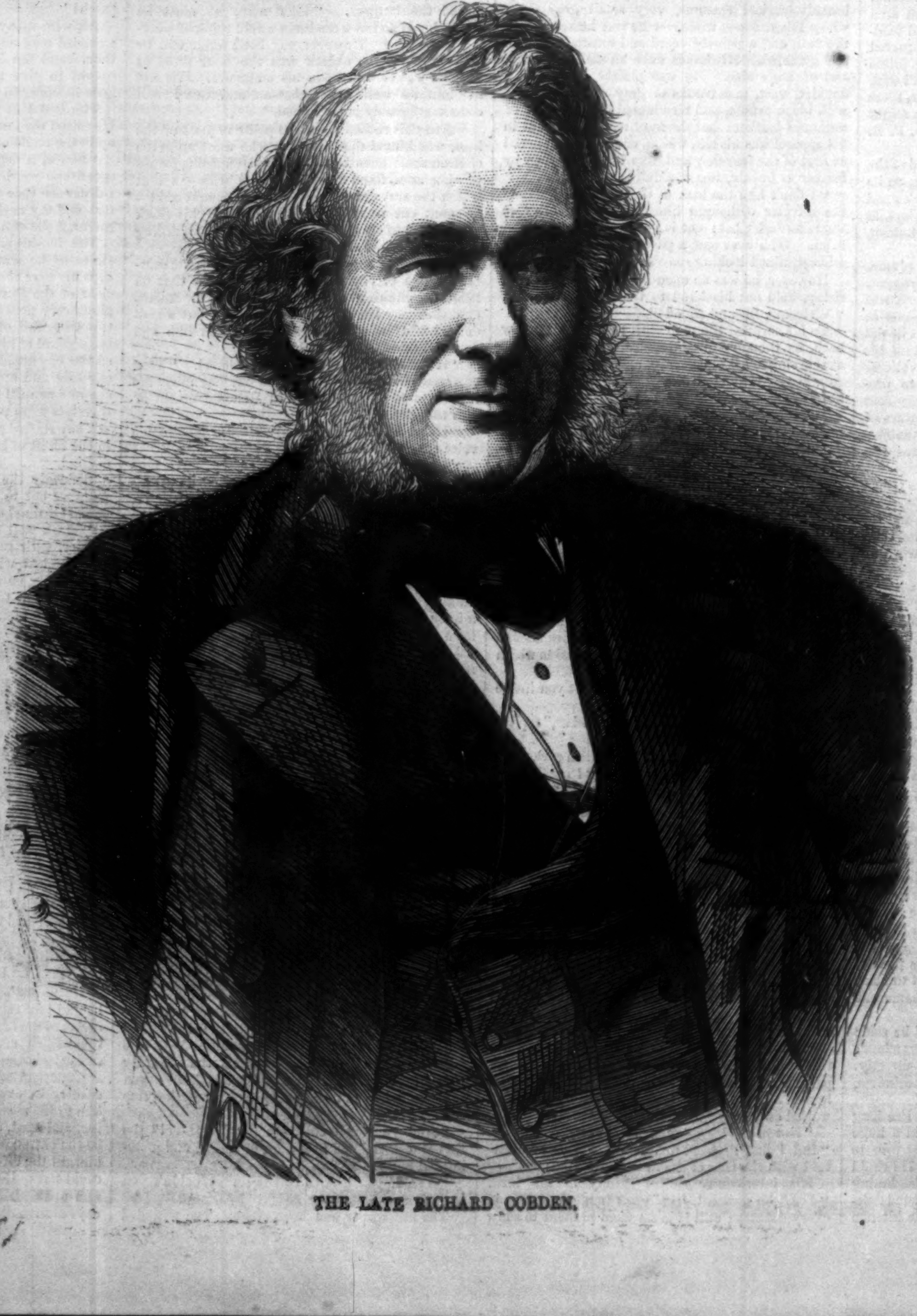

THE NATION MOURNS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—REMOVAL OF THE BODY FROM THE CITY HALL TO THE FUNERAL CAR, NEW YORK, April 25, 1865.

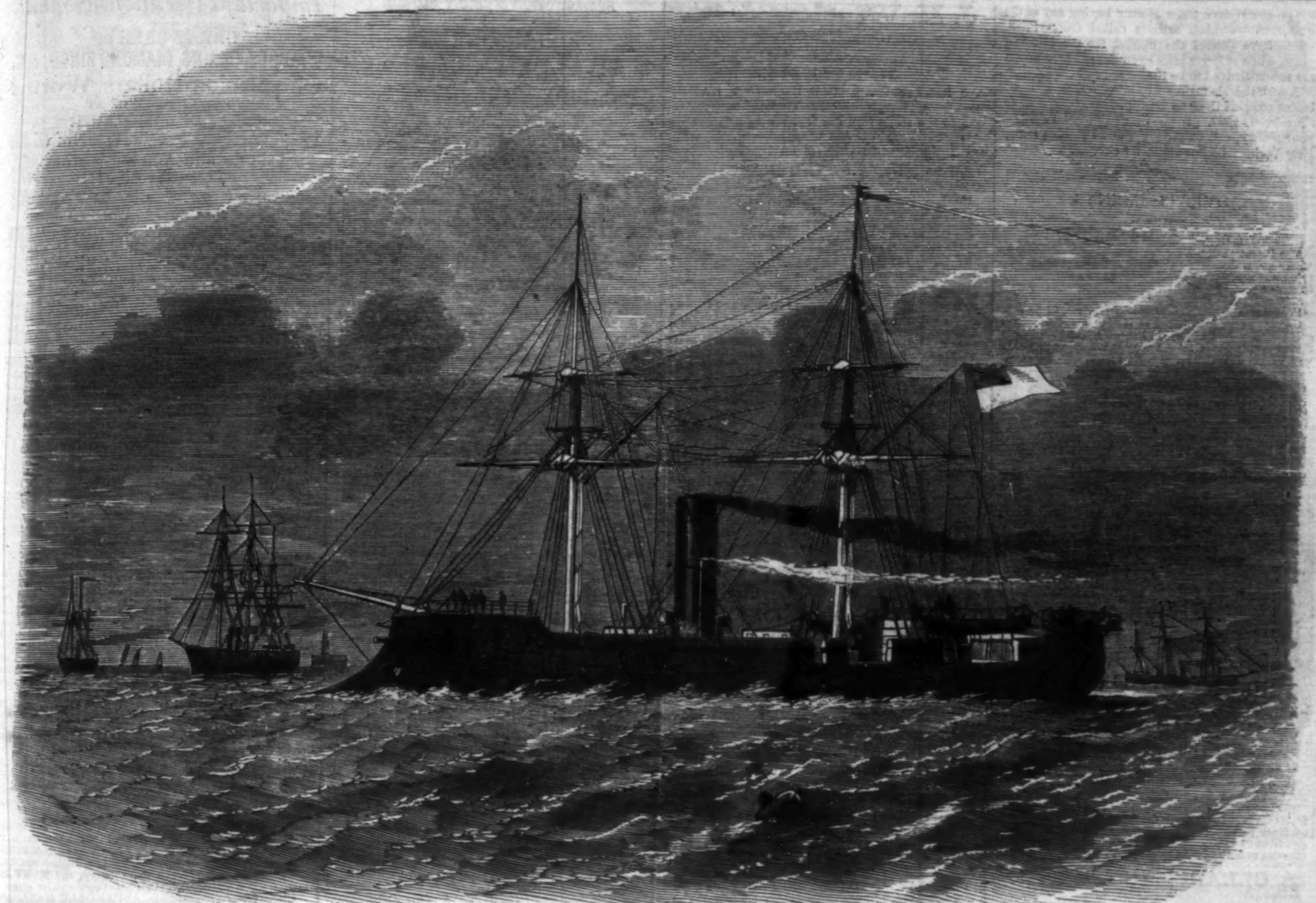
RICHARD COBDEN.

The late Richard Cobden was the son of a Sussex farmer, where he was born June 3, 1804. Having learned the business of a salesman in the service of a City warehouse in the Manchester trade, he early removing to Lancashire, set up there for himself as a printer of calicoes, and, by his skill in suiting the markets and by his fine taste in patterns, became, in a very few years, one of the most thriving manufacturers of that district. He was still a young man. He had made up for the want of a University education by his studies of political economy, which he recommended in after-life as providing a better intellectual exercise and discipline than the exact sciences. His accomplishments were, an excellent faculty of logical exposition, with a rare talent of finding the readiest and happiest illustrations of his argument, and a perfect mastery of clear and forcible language in writing or speaking. He was familiar with the condition of the industrious middle and lower classes of England, both north and south. Foreign trade and foreign travel soon made him acquainted with the different countries of Europe and the United States. His political opinions were early formed. His task was to become one of the leading political executors of that legacy of economic science which the Scottish philosophers of the last century had bequeathed. The laws which regulate the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth appeared to his mind as the laws of bodily health—laws of Nature, ordinances of Divine authority—which it was no less impious than foolish to withstand. He took up, therefore, the vindication of those principles, almost with the zeal of an apostle, and for the sake of truth, while he demanded their practical observance for the relief of manufacturing interests. Such were the antecedents of this eminent public man, who came forward a quarter of a century ago as the ablest orator of the Anti-Corn Law League, himself a capitalist, a large employer of labor, and a successful mercantile adventurer, who could speak with sure knowledge of the operations of industry and trade.

In the House of Commons Cobden was an earnest advocate for Free Trade, because of its necessity to the working men of England. The question became, in some of its aspects, so ominous that further resistance to the popular demands might have resulted in a national calamity. Not only had Lancashire made up its mind—not only had the merchants and traders of London, after long hesitation, become thoroughly convinced upon the subject—not only were the ranks of the Anti-Corn Law League swelled daily by fresh recruits, but in the agricultural counties themselves there were torch-light meetings of laborers, who declared that, come what might of Free Trade, Protection was not even giving them bread. Sir Robert Peel saw that the time for concession had arrived; he had long been inclining in theory toward the change, and his essentially practical mind now perceived that, whatever might happen to his party or himself, Free Trade must become the law of the land. On the 26th June, 1846, the Corn Law Repeal Bill received the Royal assent; and the great Minister, as he finally retired from office amidst the blessings of a people and the curses of a faction, owned that to Richard Cobden was the chief meed of merit due. A great mark of public favor was conferred upon him by his countrymen. His fortune had suffered by his devotion to politics, and a splendid subscription of £60,000 was raised by his admirers, with which he purchased an estate near his native town. Shortly afterward he retired altogether from public life. His health was shattered, and it was hoped that repose might restore him—a hope that was entertained until almost the last day. In April, 1859, without any solicitation of his own, the electors of Rochdale recalled him to public life, and his return to the House of Commons was welcomed by men of all parties. Nor was it long before he again had it in his power to confer a superb service upon the country. In the autumn of the same year he concluded the Commercial Treaty with France; and, however opinions may have differed as to some details of that great agreement, there was no doubt that the illustrious free-trader had added another to his many claims upon public gratitude. The negotiation of the Treaty, indeed, may be regarded as the crowning act of his political life. The very earnestness with which he had maintained certain rather unpopular items of his creed had always excluded him from office. He had many sorrows and afflictions, of which the public were scarcely cognizant; and he found, like many another English worthy, his chief reward in the sense of duty performed. He began to speak less frequently in Parliament. His last great speech was delivered in the memorable Danish debate of 1864; and it sufficiently proved that he had lost very little of his trenchant vigor or of his uncompromising love



THE LATE RICHARD COBDEN.



THE CONFEDERATE STEAM RAM "STONEWALL" LEAVING LISBON HARBOR.

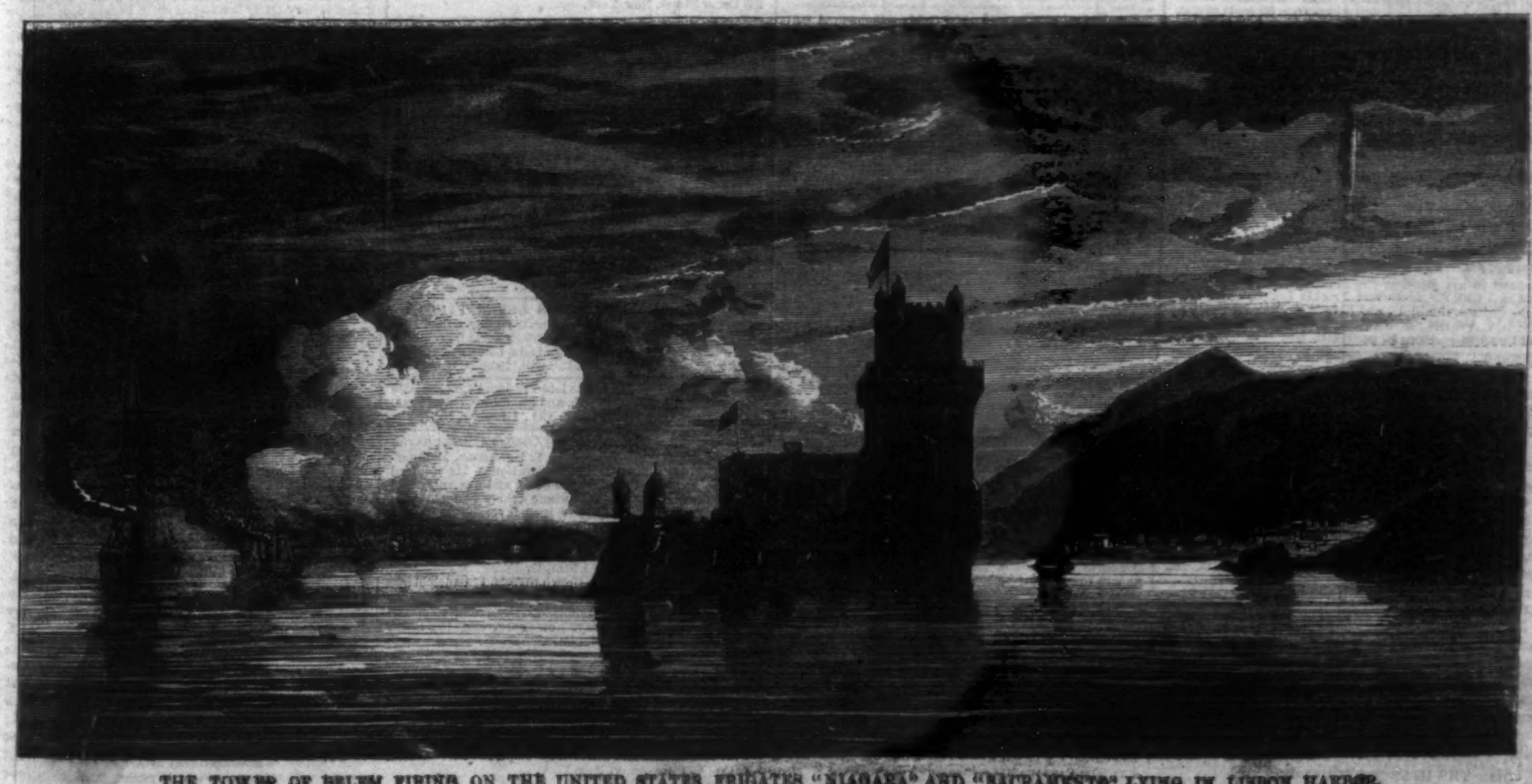
for truth. What Peel said of Palmerston, even Palmerston's more recent antagonists might have said of Cobden, "We are all proud of him." He was still sanguine of recovery, it is said; he made sure that a few days of warm weather would restore him to health; but the days of warm weather did not come; he gradually grew worse, and at a quarter past eleven on Sunday morning, April 2, at the age of sixty-one, he expired. The immediate cause of his death is said to have been bronchitis.

In this country the death of Richard Cobden becomes as much an occasion of grief as in his own. His views in politics were cosmopolitan. He was on the side of struggling humanity every where. Hardly had he been buried before there were found Englishmen enough to ask, "Are we not making too much of this Cobden? Was he not the advocate of manhood suffrage—that most pernicious doctrine to British aristocrats? Is not this the political Apostle who has preached until he has by his preaching destroyed the prestige of the privileged classes? Has he not put Generals, Admirals, civil servants, upon their trial? He never spoke or acted like an Englishman. 'He hath mocked at our gains, laughed at our losses, cooled our friends, heated our enemies.' He has uniformly given the least charitable construction to his country's acts, and glossed over the wrong-doing of other nations. He has admitted every charge made by foreign nations against us, and indorsed it with libels of his own." These things high-blooded Englishmen can not forget. Least of all can they forget that he stigmatized those Englishmen who sympathized with the American rebellion as the enemies of human liberty at home. But the people every where remember simply that he was their friend.

THE "STONEWALL."

It has been mentioned that the Portuguese fort of Belem, at the entrance of Lisbon Harbor, fired upon the American ships of war *Niagara* and *Sacramento* when the Governor of the fort believed that they were about to break the neutrality of the harbor by going out in pursuit of the Confederate vessel *Stonewall*. The Portuguese Government has since apologized, and dismissed the Governor from his post. The Confederate steam-ram *Stonewall* came into Lisbon on the 26th of March. The *Stonewall* is a steam-ram of about 1200 tons measurement, brig-rigged, and of 500 horse power, capable of working up as high as 1700. She carries three guns mounted—two 70-pounder Armstrong guns in the turret abaft the mainmast, and one 300-pounder Armstrong gun in the forecastle, just over the ram; this gun can also be trained as a broadside gun, and is a most formidable piece of artillery. The turret is not a movable one, but the guns can be trained to bear either fore or aft, or as broadside guns likewise. She is plated with 5½-inch iron plates, and 6-inch forward. The ram projects about 18 feet under the water-line, and is very sharp; it gradually rounds off to the deck, and is surmounted by the 300-pounder. She steams very fast—the officers say thirteen knots at sea. The *Stonewall* was built at Bordeaux for the Danish navy, but not being finished in time was rejected by the Danes, and then was bought by the Confederates. She had just come down from Ferrol, where she had been repairing; and the *Niagara* and *Sacramento*, who had been on the look out for her, arrived March 27. The *Stonewall* is commanded by Captain T. J. Page, of the Confederate navy, and has a strong company of officers and men. She was ordered by the Portuguese Government to leave in twenty-four hours. We show in the sketch on page 301, besides the *Stonewall*, the Portuguese corvette *Sagres* and the United States steamers *Niagara* and *Sacramento*, and in the distance Fort St. Julian and the Bugio Light-house.

On reference to our illustration it should be observed that the *Sacramento* and *Niagara* are seen to the left hand, the *Niagara* being the nearer of the two; while the Bugio Light-house is seen in the distance, between the *Niagara* and the *Stonewall;* the Portuguese corvette and Fort St. Julian are shown to the right hand of the view.



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Photograph cards of President Lincoln, 10 cents each.

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Worth $500,000!

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2000 Gold Tooth and Ear Picks	3 00 to 6 00
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6000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
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AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage-stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

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Which choke or fill up the pores of the skin, and in a short time leave it harsh and dry? It is in the blood, and if you want smooth and soft skin use Helmbold's Extract of Sarsaparilla. It gives a brilliancy to the complexion.

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To Purify, Enrich the Blood,

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Beautify the Complexion,

Use HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. One bottle equals in strength one gallon of the Syrup or Decoction.

WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES in 42 days. Also Hair on Bald Heads in 8 weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Illinois.

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Cleanses and renovates the blood, instils the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

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Dr. J. W. Poland's White Pine Compound has been proved in thousands of cases throughout the New England States to be the very best medicine for Throat and Pulmonary affections and all Kidney complaints. This Compound cures Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Dyptheria, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, Hydrocele, &c., &c., &c. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found an invaluable remedy.

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IS THE GREAT DIURETIC.

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IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Both are prepared according to rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.

MME. DEMOREST'S LILY BLOOM and ROSEATE BLOOM for beautifying the complexion. Curling Cream for fixing curls and glossing the hair. Everlasting Perfume Packets. Price 50 cents each. Sold by perfumers every where, or mailed free on receipt of price. MME. DEMOREST'S Emporium of Fashions, 473 Broadway, N. Y.

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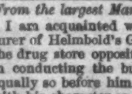

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TO BE DISPOSED OF AT

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Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

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All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300 Music Boxes, each	$20	to	$150
150 " " with Bells and Castinets	200	"	500
500 Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20	"	50
500 " Chafing Dishes	30	"	100
1000 " Ice Pitchers	20	"	50
2500 " Syrup Cups with Salvers	20	"	50
5000 " Goblets and Drinking Cups	5	"	50
3000 " Castors	15	"	50
2000 " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20	"	50
5000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10	"	20
10,000 " " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20	"	40
250 Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50	"	150
250 Ladies' Gold and Enameled-Case do.	35	"	70
500 Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35	"	70
200 Diamond Rings	50	"	100
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4	"	30
3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	"	8
5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	"	10
2,000 Châtelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	"	20
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	"	10
5,000 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4	"	8
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4	"	8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4	"	6
4,000 California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	"	10
3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	"	8
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3	"	10
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3	"	8
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4	"	6
10,000 Miniature Lockets	2 50	"	10
4,000 " " Magic Spring	10	"	20
3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2	"	8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4	"	10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	4	"	11
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50	"	10
10,000 California Diamond Rings	2	"	10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5	"	15
6,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4	"	15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4	"	10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	"	10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15	"	25
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5	"	15
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5	"	10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

Agents.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

Great Gift Distribution.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

Employment for Ladies.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1964, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

An Elegant Watch in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands, and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's Handsome Vest Chain and a beautiful Miniature Gold Locket, to match, with Double Cases, Box, and Glass for *Two Likenesses*. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

A Neat Silver Watch, especially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* Thermometer, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect Storm, Heat, and Time Indicator. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* Double Hunting, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18-Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap, *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and used by the Royal Engineers and *Officers* of the British Army, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country, $20. CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

LINCOLN Mourning Pin in silver plate, Price 50 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

"How 'tis Done." Whiskers in 6 w'ks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. **100** great secrets. Free for 25c. Address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N.H.

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5 Cents. *Richmond is Ours* and *It's all up in Dixie.* Two new and popular songs. Just out. Mailed free for only Five Cents. Address "BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H.

Prize Stationery Packets.

Splendid Steel Engravings and Photograph Card Pictures.

We want agents every where to sell our goods, which will pay 300 per cent. profit, and our stationery Packets contain good paper and envelopes and a fine assortment of Jewelry. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES given as premiums to agents. Circular mailed free. A sample packet, together with circulars and full particulars to agents, sent on receipt of 50 cents.
HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., New York.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY!

$200,000 Worth of

Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1; then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a gold watch, diamond ring, or any set of jewelry on our list for $1, and in no case can they get less than a dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Five certificates will be sent for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $6; 100 for $15. Great inducements offered those who act as agents. Catalogues, containing full list and particulars, sent with the certificate. Address
FORWARDING AGENCY COMPANY,
58 Liberty Street, New York City.

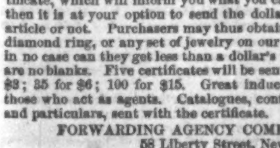
LINCOLN Mourning Pin in silver plate, Price 50 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES in 42 days. Also Hair on Bald Heads in 8 weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Illinois.

NO HUMBUG. Send 50 cents for a Recipe, which is WARRANTED to force Mustaches and Whiskers from the smoothest face in from 6 to 8 weeks. The Recipe good for ever. Sent by return mail. Address
DRAWER 126, Albany, N. Y.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S

Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.



The *Belt* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Colt's Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 6 inch).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions—a degree of perfection never yet attained by any other arm. *A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds.* These arms have been adopted *exclusively* by the U. S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency are daily received from the Army and Navy, also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrated cuts), naming prices, sent by mail when required.

Merwin & Bray are also sole proprietors of the Ballard Breach-Loading Rifle and Carbine. These arms need no comment. Their high character for Military and Sporting purposes is so well established that the Public only wish to know where they may be *purchased*. These Rifles were used by Captains Crawford and Fisk on the Overland Expedition to the Pacific, under orders of the U. S. Government. The General Government and the State of Kentucky have about Twenty Thousand (20,000) now in active field service, of which the highest testimonials are received.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers generally.
Address orders to MERWIN & BRAY,
No. 262 Broadway, New York.

P.S.—Important.—These Rifles can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition.

CHEVALIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR

RESTORES GRAY HAIR to its original color, stops its falling out in three days, keeps the head clean, cool, and healthy, and will not stain the skin, nor soil the whitest fabric. THE BEST HAIR DRESSING EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. Can be used freely; contains nothing injurious; strengthens and promotes the growth of the weakest hair. IT IS RECOMMENDED AND USED BY THE FIRST MEDICAL AUTHORITY.

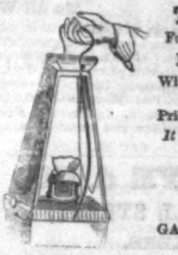
Sold at the Drug Stores, and at my Office, No. 1123 Broadway, New York. Price $1 per bottle; $5 per half dozen. SARAH A. CHEVALIER, M.D.

BARD & BROTHER'S (Established 1845)

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of BARD & WILSON'S PATENT ANGULAR NIB GOLD PENS. JAS. D. BARD, Ag't, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Repointing, 50 cents. Send for a Circular.

☞ PRICE REDUCED TO SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. ☜

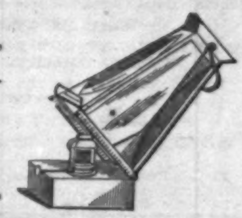


The Convex Reflector Lantern.

For burning Kerosene or Coal Oil without Chimney.

Patented in America and Europe.

Without exception, the Cheapest, Most Convenient, Safest, and very best HAND LANTERN in use.
Price 75 cts. SOLD BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.
It gives a pure white light—WITHOUT CHIMNEY.
It stands QUICK MOTIONS in any direction.
The flame is regulated FROM THE OUTSIDE.
Address ARCHER & PANCOAST,
Manufacturers of
GAS FIXTURES, LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, &c., &c.,
9, 11, 13, 15, and 17 Mercer St., New York.



ARCANA WATCH.

An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18-carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully designed, with panel and shield for name, with patent push-pin, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Levers, and are really handsome and desirable, and so exact an imitation of gold as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well-known St. Jimer Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved pallets, fancy carved bridges, adjusting regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby jeweled action, with line dial, and skeleton hands, and is warranted a good time-keeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are all hunting cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or express for $125. A single one sent in an elegant morocco case for $25. Will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.
Address DEVAUGH & CO., Importers,
15 Maiden Lane, New York.

Life of Abraham Lincoln.

THE PIONEER BOY,

And how he became President.

This is an authorized and trustworthy biography of this great man, giving his true history from boyhood up to the time he was elected President. For sale by all Booksellers, or sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, $1 50. WALKER, FULLER & CO., Publishers, Boston.

LINCOLN Mourning Pin in silver plate, Price 50 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

TO PHYSICIANS AND INVALIDS.—The Rev. Charles E. King, recently connected as Resident Minister and Physician with the Venezuelan Mission, will send, free of cost, the Prescription with which he successfully treated, while in charge of the large Mission Hospital, upward of a hundred cases of CONSUMPTION in the first, second, and third stages.

The remedy is equally adapted to the treatment of Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Lungs, Throat, and Air-Passages; while it speedily invigorates the enfeebled Nervous System, and energizes the deranged functions of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

TESTIMONIALS from PASTORS of CHURCHES.

"Your Prescription saved my daughter's life, and saved me hundreds of dollars."—Rev. E. Humphreys, Remsen, N. Y.

"We bless God for the benefit we have received from your Prepared Prescription."—Rev. P. Peregrine, Blossburg, Pa.

"Every one who I have recommended it to has benefited much by its use."—Rev. C. D. Jones, Racine, Wis.

For Prescriptions, and particulars of many cases successfully treated, address, with stamp,
REV. CHARLES E. KING,
Station D, Bible House, New York.

Mourning Badges.

WE MOURN
THE
NATION'S LOSS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
April 15, 1865.

This beautiful badge, printed on white satin, draped in mourning, with splendid gilt pin attached (with likeness), will be sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents. Price, by the 100, postpaid, $25. Badges without pins, $12 50 per 100. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

LINCOLN Mourning Pin in silver plate, Price 50 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Brandreth's Pills.

Their use produces that healthful commotion in a diseased body which occasions it to cleanse itself of what is hurtful. Thus we see the dull, yellow skin made clear by their use; the eye becomes bright and animated; the blood is purified; often the hearing is restored; costiveness is cured, and every organ and fibre of the body becomes healthy. And what is most important, Brandreth's Pills are safe; no danger from an overdose; eat and drink your usual diet. Besides these qualities, they take away only matters that are diseased, whose life is below that of the surrounding parts. Those who have confidence in them escape long fits of sickness, and enjoy a large share of robust health, because their timely use removes the seeds of disease before they germinate and bear evil fruit.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER

Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, &c. It also softens the skin and beautifies the complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers, and Mustache a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of only *one preparation*. Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mourning Badges,

Mourning Pins, &c.

BADGES, SATIN, 5×1½. INSCRIPTION:

In Memory of
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Died April 15, 1865.

With neat Pin (and fine Portrait), the whole covered with crape. Price, by mail, 50 cents, $20 per 100; badges without pin, $10 per 100. MOURNING BREASTPIN, a fine portrait of A. Lincoln in silver plate, oval frame, with eagle, flags, and inscription "E Pluribus Unum," and silk mourning streamers, 50 cents, $20 per 100. MOURNING PINS, 10 styles, from $10 to $25 per 100. Address J. R. HAWLEY & CO., 165 William St., N. Y.

Attention, Company!

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or Mustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented (by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 3 months from day of purchase. Price $1. Sent, sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money. Address
A. C. CLARK,
P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

SHULTS' CURLIQUE. For curling the Hair. Price by mail $1. Warranted. Address
C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

$1. WHISKERS. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

The Brazilian Hair Curler.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00. Address
S. S. CHASE, Cohoes, N. Y.

Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED. Business light, pleasant, and honorable. Those now engaged are realizing from $15 to $20 per day net profit. Send stamp for Circular. Address P. O. Drawer 12, Troy, New York.

USE THE BEST.

BOWDEN'S Moth Destroying Packet will certainly destroy Moths. It will also preserve Cloths, Furs, Carpets, Robes, Blankets, and all Woolen Goods from Moths and all destructive Insects. For sale by all Druggists.

LINCOLN Mourning Pin in silver plate, Price 50 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN—His Portrait, with Comments on his Life and Death—in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Also, "Signs of Character," embracing Causality, Cautiousness, Cheerfulness; Chiromancy; Climate; Color; Portrait of Rubens, Paul Delaroche, Madame de Stael, and Benjamin West; Noses of Idiots. Portraits of the People: Hons. George Brown, Cartier, and Galt, of Canada; Beal and Kennedy, Rebel Spies; Laura C. Redden.

Heads of the Clergy: Swedenborg, Melancthon, Wesley, President Edwards, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Tyng, Archbp. Hughes, Dr. Storrs, Lyman Beecher, and Dr. Channing. Hints for Husbands, by Mrs. G. W. Wyllys; Victor Hugo; Criminal Lunatics. Religious: Christian Cheerfulness as a Medicine; Borrowing Trouble. Psychology: Conflicting Philosophy; Metaphysics; Mode of Creation. Our Social Liability, by Rev. Dr. Osgood; Secretiveness in Woman; Books at Home.

The Blue Grass Region: A graphic sketch by Mrs. Ketchum; Patriotism and Yankee Doodle; The Negro Baptizing; Annexation; Southward Ho! Surrendered.

An excellent Number for May. By first post, 20 cents, or a year for $2. Newsmen have it. Address Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

NEW MUSIC.—FUNERAL MARCH, to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the Martyr President, by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst, the popular composer. The *Home Journal* says, "This is a fine composition—well worthy the reputation of its writer." Very solemn and impressive. Price 30 cents; with Vignette of the President, 50. Mailed free. Publisher, HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y.

PORTABLE

PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, Hospitals, small Job Printers, &c. Address ADAMS PRESS CO., 26 Ann St., New York. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., Six Cents.

J. WILKES BOOTH Photograph, Price 25 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The suits are Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags. Colonel in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an elegant card-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

In order that all dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars. Address
AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.

DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED MEDICAL PINEAPPLE CIDER is a preventive of sickness.

The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last 25 years convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all classes,

Old and Young. It is not new to the Doctor, but it is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person a year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless it will

Save Millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay three dollars a year to keep from being sick than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctors' bills, and as much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness, use as follows:

Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. It will increase the strength, and give

Vigor and Action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he has gained ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. He continues its use as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire

Preventive to Sickness in his case. Also another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

This Wonderful Preparation will increase the strength, give vigor and action to the system, and regulate digestion. When taken internally, for pains of all kinds—Bilious Colic, Diarrhœa, Diseases of the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Dyspepsia, Acidity of the Stomach, etc., etc.—its soothing and quieting effect on the system is most astonishing.

Dr. Wilcox, an eminent physician, used it with great success in treating Fevers, Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chronic Diarrhœa, Colic, Dysentery, and Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. It is also particularly recommended by physicians to delicate females, and as an excellent remedy for Enfeebled Digestion, Want of Appetite, Scrofula, Nephritic Affections, Rheumatism, etc., etc. It never fails to relieve Nervous Tremor, Wakefulness, Disturbed Sleep, etc. American ladies have used this article with great success to heighten their color and beauty.

It imparts a cheerfulness to the disposition, and brilliancy to the complexion.

To travelers, especially, it is of inestimable value, and should be provided as a medicine for every journey in which the water is likely to vary in quality and tendency.

Persons residing in any part of the country may adopt it with the utmost confidence as a timely, efficacious restorative.

PRICES:
Ten Dollars per One Gallon.
Three Dollars per Bottle (Full Quart).
Two Dollars per Bottle (Full Pint).
One Dollar per Bottle (Full Half-Pint).

One quart bottle, two pint bottles, or four half-pint bottles sent free by express on receipt of price. For sale every where. One ounce sample bottle mailed free on receipt of 30 cents postage. B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

Having donated $1000 worth of my "N. Y. C." Soap to a former fair at Chicago, I have now donated 6000 sample-bottles of the Pineapple Cider to be sold at the Soldiers' Fair to be held at Chicago, May 30, 1865. Value of the above $1800.

AGENTS, COME and EXAMINE

An Invention urgently needed by every body, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cts., which retails for $6 easily, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN,

Would you sport a fine beard or mustache? If so, use The Prussian Compound, prepared by the celebrated Dr. De Ville of Paris. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without stain or injury to the skin. Sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address
S. S. CHASE,
P. O. Drawer 359, Cohoes, N. Y.

Weston's Metallic Artificial Legs.—Lightest, cheapest, most durable, and most natural ever invented. Price $75 to $100. Send for a pamphlet.
J. W. WESTON, 491 Broadway, N. Y.

LANGENHEIM'S IMPROVED MAGIC LANTERN PICTURES. Stereopticon and dissolving views artistically colored. Superior lanterns and complete apparatus, &c., &c. For catalogues and information, apply to W. LANGENHEIM, P. O. Box 1579, Philadelphia, Pa.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar, and in *no* case can they get *less* than a Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1, Thirteen for $2, Thirty-five for $5, One Hundred for $12. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Catalogues containing full lists and particulars mailed free. Address
JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.
P.O., Drawer 12.

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TERMS.

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The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates: one quarter of a page, each Number, $75; one half, $125; whole page, $250. The circulation of Harper's Magazine is believed to be larger than that of any similar publication in the world.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

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